TO EXIST

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BERSERKER
BOOKS

A FEW WORDS

Is philosophy the child of art, or is art the fruit of philosophy? Before solving this riddle, it falls to us to reflect and ponder . Which is the essence —art or philosophy — han- Which is the shell and which the casing; which is the purpose, and which the tool or means? This collection of writings was not composed to resolve this enigma. But why does a person think, and how do they feel? How does a work come into being when the mind and the heart work in harmony, in unison? Perhaps this small volume may serve as a starting point for such an analysis.

These pieces, in which thought is subject to the heart, were written at times when there was a need to converse with the heart, and were published from time to time in a few magazines. They were forgotten during the period when the heart ceded its place to thought. When the time came for actions to trample and bruise the traces within the heart, a longing for them arose once more. Now tears fall upon the footprints. In the heart ravaged by the vicissitudes of life, there is but the simple moan of an orphan. If there is an ear to listen to the melodies of this old lute—to which we have added a few new strings—it will hear nothing but the echoes of a broken heart.

N. T.

Thoughts

TO EXIST

To be, to think and to act. It is true that animals also move. However, their movements are not conscious; they consist merely of a simple change of position or a slight twitch. The movement (action) that is unique to human beings, on the other hand, means to change oneself and other beings. This is how human actions acquire the quality of freedom. However, the freedom of my actions is subject to that which existed before them and to which they are subject freedom that principle principle does ? Yet there is no other event prior to movement that could bring freedom into being. My freedom exists by virtue of the existence of my movement and manifests itself alongside it. The analysis of movement, however, confronts humanity with an even greater enigma. Existence seems to have come into being alongside movement and is condemned — be separated from it for all eternity. Standing on the shores of the sea of motion and lost in , the philosopher Moris

Let us listen to Blondel's reflection on this theme:

'I am moving, yet I do not know what movement is. I do not wish to live. I do not truly know who I am, or even that I exist. This manifestation of being that ripples within me—these faint, elusive movements of a shadow—I sense that they bear within themselves an eternal, heavy burden; I try, and yet I cannot attain non-existence, even at the cost of my blood; for it has now ceased to exist for me: So I am condemned to life, condemned to death, condemned to eternity! How and in what sense? I neither knew this beforehand nor did I desire it."

It is wrong to regard movement as a free gesture of the human being towards the universe. Movement, the most important event in our lives, is also the most essential. Let us listen to Blondel once more:

'Will I at least find a way to stop? No, I—

I must act. Can I put off my decision until the very end so as not to give up anything? No, even at the cost of losing everything, I must still take everything upon my shoulders; I

. I have no right to wait, nor do I any longer have the strength to make choices or preferences. If I do not stir through my own action, there are things within me or outside me that will act without needing me; and whatever moves without me will, in any case, act against me. Peace is defeat; the only limit to action is death.'

To exist encompasses the entirety of the desires that a person sincerely possesses. Perhaps it is their complete sum.

'If I am not what I wish to be—not merely in words, nor through desires and imaginings, but with all my heart, with all my strength, through my actions—then I do not exist... To exist is to will and to love.'•

Movement is not a force that drags existence away from just one side, or that carves out just one point within our existence. Movement that closes in on itself, condemning itself once more to its own exclusivity, is doomed to die. Yet, from one perspective, the sole mover that fills its own existence with delight comes from the direction of

Taking action does not bring fulfilment to one's existence. The satisfaction of a single interest reduces one's entire being to a state of constriction. The pursuit of a single passion

paralyses all other regions of the human spirit. As Alexander lay dying, he was overwhelmed by the shadow of his great conquests. Caesar did not die singing of happiness. Napoleon was not defeated at Jena, but when he slapped the philosopher Volney.

'They demand our arm, our heart and our mind.' If we do not offer these of our own free will, those who act independently of us, and in spite of us, will take them from us by force.

To attempt to make one's own will the will of the universe is to place an obstacle in the way of the universe's movements stretching into infinity; it is to seek to erect a barrier against the freedom of the cosmos. Conversely, to seek to make the will of the universe one's own will—to strive to contain the heart of the universe within one's own being—this is how one progresses along the path of true and free movement.

'How fortunate are those who can weep! They are never despondent. Misfortune is not always as bad as it is made out to be… For it leaves room for hopes and illusions. It is you who are truly rich, O wretched hungry ones and those with desires! For, unable to sense the futility of worldly pleasures, your desires cling to them with a tremendous greed . Whereas from satiety and fulfilment, those who have brought life's trial to its conclusion know that nothing comes of it but tastelessness and nothingness. Wealth, ambitions, achievements—what are they? Two dogs are fighting over a bowl of slop; the winner will find nothing. It is not merely the deprived, the hopeless, the lonely elderly, or those who, unable to descend below the level of their simple senses, live and die under the spell of their pleasures; these are the very best, the most perceptive, the most knowledgeable, victorious movement

These men, or fiery minds, are refined artistic souls. They suffered from living in a world where not a single straight line could be found, where even the light itself was fractured...

The universal nature of this essay on the emptiness and nothingness of life, and the fact that it exerts its influence even upon great and mature souls, stems from the very existence of what we all simply desire for ourselves

. Indeed, even our partial and individual desires—which are not bound to the universe's total existence nor seek their source within it—seek satisfaction by making us forget the universal and true existence. Consequently, our existence becomes severed from the universe; fearing its solitude, yet still, in a state of heedlessness, seeking that solitude , we take refuge in the embrace of egoism. Just as love bound to gender and the hollow, disheartening consolation sought therein fail to provide healing, so too does the dark, terrifying and wretched joy of the triumphs that man experiences over his fellow man stem from the fact that they have severed his existence from the entirety of the universe—

. Those who, through love, remain self-sufficient amidst the applause of everyone and the crowd, perceive the sounds of applause from the universe only through their own understanding and are thus able to experience true happiness. Everyone believes that Mevlana was happy. But where, when and with what victory did his happiness begin, and when did it end? No one can know this. For his happiness was etched within the framework of eternity; it had neither a beginning nor an end. For he was happy together with eternity

. Can happiness that has an end be true happiness? It can, at best, be the beginning of imminent misery.

As a final word on the definition of motion, we accept the following principle: True and complete movement, on every occasion—even in the most rudimentary decision and renunciation—is an expansion throughout the entire universe, a transition from there into infinity, and then, drawing strength from infinity and lessons from the entire universe, whilst simultaneously utilising all the powers of intellect and will; a return to our own individual universe and, from this point, a connection with the universe.

Movements that do not follow this pattern are sterile; they are stillborn movements—

—they are, in truth, fruitless attempts that have never truly become 'movement'.

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When it comes to thought, that too is a form of movement. It is the state in which our movements become internalised and we take refuge in the infinity of our inner life. Indeed, thought is a genuine and mature form of movement; it is the beginning and the end of all our movements. Movement may not always begin with it, but it always ends with it. Thousands of thoughts blossom on the tree of movement. In gathering these flowers of action, we feel

. In truth, the necessities that surround our actions also encircle our thoughts. We always seek the truth from the perspective of the choices made by our actions. In other words, we define our own truth

with a tremendous sense of egoism, and then, by extending our hand

to the world and beg for evidence from the world to prove that we are thinking correctlyand in this way, our behaviour is never far—

, we defend ideas, rights and truths. By enslaving our existence, we fail to see the wretched passions that drag us along behind us, yet we claim to be undertaking a magnificent flight or a splendid race through the cosmos.

Thinking in this manner, without connecting to the whole of the universe, is not the kind of thinking that expresses existence. True thinking consists of posing the enigmas our existence encounters at every step to the entirety of the universe, and then proclaiming them to infinity, , to receive the answers from them.

In this sense, true thought is inseparable from existence. For existence would not exist were it not for thought. It is a conception, that is to say, thought; and to exist is to think.

'Everyone thinks,' they say. Is that really the case? We shall also apply our view on movement to thought. Thoughts that are not connected to the whole of the universe, that do not provide an answer from infinity, are not true thought. At best, they are unsuccessful attempts at thinking that have failed to achieve their aim.

The most general form of thought is that which is formed through approximation. This form of thought exists side by side with nature. It establishes a kind of neighbourly relationship between itself and nature. This is how the universe and the consciousness seeking truths within it function. As Pascal said, 'If man were not the whole of nature, he would not be capable of relating to everything.'

The second stage of thought involves the judgements we form by turning our attention to things. Our focus on things draws us out of our narrow selves and leads us to others; it broadens our horizons and makes us benevolent. For this reason, this mode of thinking renders the contradictory being known as 'human'—who, whilst an individual, is united with the whole—moral. Whilst in the first stage we merely establish relationships between objects, in this second stage of thought we go beyond merely establishing relationships. We enter into a relationship with the universe that is purely one of giving. A human being is like a tree: if it bears no fruit, it withers.

The third stage is the stage of thought through love and passion. Madame de Sévigné, in a letter to her daughter, writes: ' ' 'the breast—

I suffer in your heart.' It is possible for passion to encompass all intellect and all understanding. However, for this to happen, a person must discover profound experiences within themselves. A person must deepen their knowledge within themselves, freeing their personality from narrowness and expanding it. Whilst the human spirit expands outwards into the universe, it must simultaneously deepen within itself. It must break free from the narrowness of the mind and the heart, and rid itself of the illusions it harbours within. To make room for the metaphysical experience of other beings within itself, it must empty itself of its very self. Undoubtedly, this state is agonising-
and deadly, yet it is life-giving in its pursuit of truth. It is liberating from death, infinite and eternally creative.

Finally, at the last stage of thought, we find thinking through action. This is the dominance within us of a desire that stands above all the emotions of our individual being. The being, connected to the whole of the universe through action, is thus once again linked to the universe in terms of thought. Thought and action unite here. The human being who has traversed the path leading up to this point has now
will of selflessness. This way of thinking is that of a human being who has reached
will: it frees the human being—who has reached the very limits of this universal will and bound themselves to it—from individual ambitions, group interests, grudges and
. It unites the universe as a single entity. It surrenders even its own existence—the final burden—to the whole of which it is a part, within the flow of all movements. Ultimately, living within the infinity of universal compassion, it can no longer separate itself from the universe, nor the universe from itself. Saint Peter, one of those who attained the great secret of this way of thinking, whilst fleeing Rome, leaving the first Christians behind to face the tyrant Nero, fell to his knees at the vision of the Messiah who came to meet him and, taking refuge in the joyful resolve to die alongside the persecuted congregation, returned to Rome and surrendered himself to his enemies.

To exist in the true sense of the word means to ground one's thoughts in eternity through one's actions, and thus to seek one's own existence within eternity.

The fact that people are fragmented in terms of spirit and will

; this is what creates so much misery for humanity. Indeed, the formation of factions amongst the members of a single nation gives rise to new calamities every day. The divisions between beings are apparent; existence is one. The differences between people are deceptive, like an image seen in a mirror; humanity is one. The members of a single nation are, like the parts of the same body,

A nation collapses when its people forget that they are its organs and that they are all subject to the same will. He who breaks away from unity, who disrupts it, is a sick soul, a sick being. In a healthy way of life, there is no hatred, no hostile causes. Resentment and malice are a scourge born where a being lacks faith in itself. It will inevitably destroy its bearer. The Being in which we believe—the One, the Universal and Infinite Being—is a unique work brought into being by love. We, for our part, are its most perfect part. We can now set out the formula of our philosophy:

I move, I think, I love the One, and *in that* state I exist.

BELIEVING AND LOVING

BELIEVING is true and personal recognition; loving is true living . The believer does not know; he merely imitates. He is a blind lamp drawing its light from other spheres.

Those who do not love are those who do not live. They are dead souls. They are dry logs cast upon a field from whose soil fresh life gushes forth at every moment. They cannot savour the beauty of our world; they know nothing of the power of life. In our world, where a plant of faith springs from every root and a different passion is scattered in every direction, generations who have not been brought up in the discipline of love and faith from the earliest age are wretched generations. Those who send a child—who gazes at the universe with wonder and turns to people with gratitude—out into life without inoculating them with faith and love are the first and most ruthless tyrants of our world. Skilful 'self-interest athletes' who leave their young ones squabbling and kicking one another in the middle of the street, watching with indifferent glances,

and who then rush into the bloody arena known as the 'struggle for life'—these skilful athletes of self-interest—did not realise . For they even begged for self-interest in the sanctuary that ought to be a source of affection; in the divine gardens of our world, overflowing with boundless love,

divine gardens of our world, overflowing with boundless love, they ceaselessly harboured malice and envy.

We know that thought is the internalisation of action within us. It is to come into contact with truth within our own inner world. Pascal distinguished three kinds of truth: the truths of the flesh, the truths of the mind, and the truths of faith . The first, the blind encompasses all the appetites, greed and self-interest that revolve around the spring of our soul and are governed by it.

It encircles the world of our successes . It is with itself...

and, through him, the human being, who has become cunning, unites man with the animals.

Secondly, it elevates us to a realm conquered by reason, imagination and will. By lifting us out of our narrow selves, it makes us part of a greater universe. It offers knowledge, contemplation and the essence of meaning. It makes man the guardian of the spiritual realm.

As for the third, it elevates us even beyond our human existence. From our finite world, as if with a single stroke, it transports us to infinity. It transforms the part into the whole; the transient into the eternal. Through its existence, we become the path whilst a traveller, the cup-bearer whilst intoxicated, the ocean whilst a drop…

In faith, the duality of consciousness and objects—which is the fundamental condition of ordinary knowledge—has been abolished. These two have become one; objects have surrendered to consciousness, merged with it, and the two have attained a single existence.

Where faith begins, ordinary cognition fades, becoming worthless and almost meaningless. When faith is complete, it yields its place to it and vanishes.

The philosopher Kant, when moving from pure reason—that is, reasoning—to practical reason—that is, conscience—said: 'In order to substitute faith, I was compelled to set aside knowledge.'

Abstract knowledge that has not become a matter of conviction is alien to us and has no enduring life of its own. As I have not experienced it myself, it has not, in the full sense of the word, become mine. For this reason, it is far from giving me personal satisfaction. It merely resides in the mind for a time, like a shared object passed from hand to hand through imitation. Since it is not truly my own, it can be torn away from me. Today it is mine; tomorrow it becomes someone else's property.

General opinions, claims gained through imitation, the ambitions of groups and parties, and the reasons supporting them are all rootless, groundless thoughts, and have no connection to truth.

For these are so-called truths that have been experienced outside my own self, with roots in neither my freedom nor the sources of my personality; if one digs deep, they are revealed to be nothing more than the manifestations of desires, appetites, habits and imitations.

What is believed in and cherished is, on the one hand, a perspective that draws life and truth from the depths of my personality, and, on the other hand, a perspective that draws life and truth from infinity. It cannot be refuted or disproved. The more it is attacked, the deeper it sinks into the layers of our soul. For my beliefs arise in a realm beyond the reach of reason. Since their roots lie so deeply within my very being, they cannot be torn from me by reason. For this reason, any idea or truth that is not believed in, but is merely weighed against the standards of science and presented to the mind, is incomplete or deceptive. Belief is an act, and a movement of the self towards existence: movement. It is the soul's reaching out to nature, a sort of continuation within it—. It is the soul's conquest of nature.

To believe is the test the self undergoes in the face of its own destiny. Those who embrace it with love have succeeded. In this test—which signifies the self embracing the universe, its very subject, with all its strength—the possessors of love have triumphed. The witness to love, however, is anguish. Neither action nor true thought can arise without anguish. Hidden within every act of belief harbours a beloved form of suffering.

Those without love cannot attain the truth, nor do they know the truth; and true love—love that has reached its goal—is the love of infinity. This love passes through the body, overflows from the body, and flees from mortal existence. Digging deep into the depths of the soul, it seeks itself there as its ultimate goal. The possessors of true love are not enamoured of wealth, fame or spectacle, nor of knowledge or art. True lovers are the lovers of love itself. In the fire of love that consumes itself, the lover and the beloved, the desirer and the desired, the being and the creator merge. Contemplation of objects, consciousness of the universe, and the One become one with the whole. Thought comes to life, and existence becomes thought. That which is not comprehended vanishes; that which is not named remains.

This is the first and last knowledge. The generations who will plant the tree of national culture and breathe life into the national spirit must first repent at the mihrab of the sanctuary of faith and love, and then learn to believe and to love.

TO THINK

In the language of logic, to think is to establish a connection between consciousness and objects. It is the repetition in the mind, in the form of a mental image, of objects and events, much like the reflection seen in a mirror. It is, in a sense, a continuation of the external world within our inner realm; or, it is the establishment of a relationship between causes and effects. Theoretical logic defines thinking in this way. However, psychology, which describes human reality, reveals that events do not unfold in this manner . We feel before we think; we receive impressions from the external world . These influences respond to our interests, pleasures and desires. We clothe those views that offer us a beneficial pleasure in the garb of truth. We denounce ideas that run counter to our interests and pleasures as errors. First, the desires springing from our very being—which is like a living tree—declare their dominion over our consciousness, adorned with various aspirations and brilliant dreams. Then, the desires they instil throughout our entire being are turned towards the outside world, where they set out on a hunt for truth for their own ends. They stamp the seal of truth upon ideas that suit them, whilst rendering opposing views untrue. Thus, the truth of an idea does not stem from a reality that is common to all and identical in itself, but rather from the dictates of our own desires and appetites. The standard of truth that governs human thought is man's own vital interests, personal calculations and desires; his pleasures or habits. Man applies these standards—which are his own—to ideas and uses them to examine the truth of those ideas; he passes judgement upon them with these standards. From this

he then gathers around them the reasons that support this judgement he has already made. He uses them to justify and legitimise the judgement he has already passed. It is evident that to think is not to adapt ourselves to things, but to adapt things to ourselves. Far from referring our consciousness to events, it is always a matter of subjecting events to the dictates of our own appetites and desires. For this reason, we do not recognise a reality independent of ourselves. We construct a series of steps leading from a reality whose nature is of no concern to us, towards ourselves. Thus, the objects and events adapted to suit us take on meanings according to our own pleasures, desires and self-interest.

We view our world not through the eyes of truth, but through the lens of our desires. This wretched world is a different world for everyone. It is large to an ant, yet small compared to the sun. It is beautiful to the fortunate, but wretched to the unfortunate. A merchant may regard making a great profit as success and virtue, whilst in the eyes of the poor, this desire is a wicked inclination.

In our thinking, we are no different from children fighting over a single name. Those who sow new sparks of passion amongst people, thereby increasing divisions, are humanity's true enemies.

All the struggles and divisions in the realm of passions are leading us further away from the truth, for all passions serve to distance us from the truth. All our standards are relative.

Where shall we seek the truth?

The narrowness of the standard we apply to the truth of our ideas gives rise to the narrowness of our outlook. We draw closer to the truth in proportion to the breadth of that standard. Our vital interests and desires, being confined within the narrow limits of our individual existence, always lead us away from the truth. The emotions that lead us towards others bring us closer to the truth to the extent that they free us from our individuality and lead us to broader horizons. The more our measure of truth expands, the closer we come to the truth. When this measure becomes infinity, we come into contact with absolute truth. Desire

and

and desires, by freeing oneself from individual emotions and every system of self-interest, and by thinking under the inspiration of infinity, one has attained absolute truth. For truth is the command of infinity. To receive this command, we must first free ourselves from our pleasures and desires. Then we must distance ourselves from our personal interests. We must then be able to reject group interests and learn to live outside the confines of groups and parties. Finally, we must free ourselves from all emotions that dominate our sense of self—even if they are noble—such as feelings of victory, pride in success, and self-confidence, and soar in a single flight to take refuge in the realm of infinity. Those responsible for the intellectual education of the younger generation must provide them with a discipline of the soul that guides them through these stages. To brutalise the generation with the pride of the self is a futile endeavour. Let us realise that many veils are stretched between us and the truth. In order to emerge from ourselves and reach the truth, these veils must be pierced one by one. Some of these veils—which conceal the truth from us and render us strangers, even enemies, to one another—are the desires of our own selves; some are the result of habits and suggestions; and some are forms of heedlessness that can only be dispelled through worship. In this finite world, humanity—a traveller on the path to infinity, this solitary traveller on our earth—is compelled to take refuge in infinity in order to find wisdom for a life that is a mystery here, a friend for oneself, and support for one's thoughts:

beings, whose end is , rely on infinity to think—
They seem to be in agreement.

: 'Can those who know ever be the same as those who do not?'

Why does the great judge, who is endlessly informed, say: 'If you knew what I know , you would not laugh but weep ' ? Why did Socrates adopt the maxim 'Know thyself ' as his guiding principle? We all know certain things, and those who know the most are diplomats with vast experience of human affairs and merchants well-versed in every aspect of human relations. Yet, perhaps they are the most miserable among us. What is it about knowing that makes a person unhappy? As we investigate this cause, we see that true and complete knowledge is not merely a matter of recognising the flow of events. To know is not merely to observe; it is to unravel a mystery. To be very familiar with the events of the universe is not the same as knowing them. To know is to know the law. It is to understand the order of our world. It is to grasp the causes and effects. It is to solve the enigma of the great order.

Our lives are full of riddles: why is the man who kills someone on this side of the river a murderer, whilst the one who kills on the other side is a hero? Why is every act of humiliation and degradation immoral, yet competition is legitimate? Why is striking an act of oppression, whilst victory is an honour? Why is unity among a nation a source of happiness, whilst the vanquisher of the enemy is applauded? Why is God, for many, non-existent, yet He is stoned? Why is history a detestable drama, yet it repeats itself? Why is death the most powerful lesson, yet it remains meaningless to us all?

More, more… all these are mysteries that will never be fully understood, or at least cannot be grasped by this mind. Life is laden with even more obvious, more definitive riddles. How does the eye see? Man

how does one know? ‘Why do you smoke?’, ‘Why do you speak?’
— To smoke, to speak.

There is a great law that governs human beings: the law of inner, causeless curiosity and restlessness. All our actions are carried out by the command of that law. Action is, as it were, an effort to escape this curiosity and restlessness—a surge from within, a leap outwards. But what is knowing? Why am I compelled to know? The reason lies in the desire to seek salvation. Indeed, human beings have a need to know whether they have attained salvation or not. To be in a state of peace is to know that one is in a state of peace. And to believe in its eternity; this is nothing other than the quest of the being called ‘human’ to find itself and to realise its existence through this understanding, and his entire life consists of endeavours to consolidate and secure this knowledge throughout his lifetime. My inner world is, without a doubt, a complex mechanism. Within that mechanism, my instincts convey certain messages to me, and I receive numerous commands from my passions. My desires intoxicate me, and my imagination soars to the heavens. None of these constitute knowledge. Just as the judgements my animosities lead me to make are not wise, neither are my calculations of self-interest.

Everyone’s understanding of everything varies. What seems little to one person seems much to another. What appears beautiful to one is ugly to another. What one person believes to be far away is right beside another. What one person loves, another denigrates… The object that melts a heart with compassion is a source of hatred for another. The applause of one group echoes as dirges of mourning to the opposing group. Whilst one section of humanity worships a being as sacred, other groups shudder with hatred. The cause of all these disagreements is that the paths to salvation are different for every person. The goal is one: the aim of salvation. The worthy paths are different. For human natures differ. It is precisely this difference that is the devil—or devils—within us. It is a bewildering soul. The truth is that boundless, immeasurable veils have been drawn between us and our very goal; our knowledge and perfection, whilst leading us towards the salvation that is our goal,

. Why is this man a communist? Because he is a slave to his instincts. Why is the unrefined devout man a merchant of hell? Because he has no hope.

Why is my friend so excessively self-serving? Because his stomach digests well. Why is the young man so indulgent in pleasure? Because of the vitality of his nervous system. Why is the old man so merciful? Because he is in need of mercy. Why is the other one so cruel? Because his inner being is stirred to witness cruelty.

Man measures the universe by his own standards and, on the stage of the universe, sees only himself, understands only himself. It seems there is no one who knows how to understand anything other than what lies within us. If there is such a person, he is the sovereign. Now, that man—that is, the man who knows how to understand others—is neither cowardly, nor greedy, nor helpless, nor mortal, nor alone. In this world where we all live alone amidst a multitude of beings, he is in harmony with the reality that exists. To know—truly to know—is his knowledge. The one who knows is the person who ascends beyond his own existence. 'You call me a coward, you call me a tyrant. 'You still do not understand that I am a coward, I am a tyrant.' Can existence be accused? What a great folly! It is the realisation of this greatest folly that marks the beginning of true knowledge, and where it begins, errors, weaknesses, oppression and despair—all of them, every last one—melt away. Let us look upon the stage of life—which resembles a dark storm in which these wretched mortals known as 'human beings' are tossed about—with an eye of wisdom: it is as though lost spheres are colliding, and their inevitable destruction will surely engulf us all. Take the weapons from the hands of two people who are enemies and give them each a bouquet; offer guidance and instil a habit. After that, they will take pleasure in presenting bouquets to one another with smiling faces and will seek their own salvation in this act. Guidance and habit—these are our art. Those who use their art to place weapons in people's hands are those who do not tear away the veils from the path to salvation. But what are they to do if there is no one to make them tear them down? They, too, are innocent. If the essence that leads to the single goal of peace is the essence of reason, then its crown is inspiration—the inspiration that surrenders reason to infinity and sets it adrift in the sea of infinity. Wisdom's

lies in it, and the meaning of worship also lies therein. There is a single eye, a single gaze, in which all heedlessness melts away. Everything finds fulfilment in it. Every action attains its purpose. This essence—which transcends partial measures to measure itself against the whole; which, arising from inner curiosity and restlessness, leads to eternal and causeless bliss; which transforms the world into paradise; and which brings multiplicity to the One—this service, this power, is something those consumed by the desire to know will never know: Knowledge.

KNOWING THE TRUTH

WHAT do we know? What knowledge does humankind possess on this earth? The eye sees and the mind comprehends. A person who possesses all this knowledge

, man takes pride in what he knows. But what do we actually know? Does the mind do anything other than cast a light before us, illuminating our path? Is not what we know merely a series of specialisations that originate from within us and return to our own being? Driven by the concern to satisfy their needs, humans, in their efforts to make sense of their surroundings, search the universe for things suited to their own desires; they name them according to the suitability of those desires and evaluate them accordingly. They then claim to have recognised the truth and stamp their judgements with the seal of 'truth', meaning knowledge in accordance with reality. Whose truth is the idea that constitutes knowledge of reality? For we all have different truths. We all spend our lives, until the very end, intoxicated by our admiration for ideas that suit our own interests. Some of us are admirers of a painting, some of a belly, and some of a profession. For some, it is an artistic deity; for others, a master of craftsmanship. We boast of it and take pride in it. All our desires and miseries, bound to the instinct for self-preservation, create a sense of self within us. We call this 'reason' and claim to be thinking; we believe we know the truth. The 'reason' of a merchant, a high-ranking official, or a man of status and pride is a sacred object until the pride upon which it rests is trampled underfoot. A judge's erroneous verdict is, in his own eyes, as accurate as a divine decree. A captive in the mind of a class

are, in their own eyes, the very embodiment of truth. For the soldiers of two armies locked in battle, death is equally sacred. For the warriors on both sides, even though they are both sons of Adam, slaughtering the enemy is a virtue. For a thief setting out in the darkness of night, stealing is a duty; for the police, catching him is a duty. The truth is that instincts satisfy a living being's primary needs. As the instinct is satisfied, vital energy accumulates. This vital energy, hand in hand with the miseries of the soul, gradually transforms into passion within the human being through trial and error. Ultimately, we view objects and events through the lens of our passions. Thus, we submit to the dictates of our miseries.

This state of affairs, this behaviour, multiplies our miseries many times over. Whilst at first we are mere wretches, enslaved by our simple desires and appetites, our passions cause us to become a scourge upon the world. This accursed misery of ours establishes dominions over us when it leans on the powers of position, money and social class. Whereas at first man was merely the wolf of man, once passions are armed, man can unleash apocalypses upon his fellow men. And the cause of all this is our ignorance of the truth, our failure to realise that salvation springs from our own inner world, and our failure to recognise that our own passions—which narrow our horizons even in moments of satisfaction—are our true enemies. Take two newborn infants; the moment they open their innocent eyes to the world, bring them face to face and say to one, 'You are the enemy of the one opposite you; one day you will kill him.' Say to the other, 'You, too, will take revenge on him.' Then take a look at those two pairs of innocent eyes. You will feel ashamed of yourself. You will shudder at your own heedlessness. If you have looked upon them with the eye of insight, you will feel so small that the children's pure gaze will serve as a lesson to you as profound as a divine address. You will see yourself in that mirror and wish to repent.

But one must wish to repent. This desire can only be the fruit of true knowledge. How shall we find the truth? Where shall we seek it? The path of truth that will deliver us from all forms of heedlessness—

must be found by . True worship is our desire turned towards infinity. A sincere desire turned towards infinity constitutes the first step towards salvation for humankind. We must frequently repeat this desire; we desire, and to attain it. This repetition—the repetition of this desire—is like forcing open a divine door filled with endless light. Once this door has been stirred, light streams towards us. New trials begin: the trial of art, the trial of morality, the trial of religion.

Philosophy and wisdom offer us the love of the movement that removes the obstacles which conceal the truth from us, cover it up, and stand between us and it. Science teaches us the method of this movement. The trial of art brings to life thousands of melodies within our inner world, which is one.

The moral experiment, meanwhile, cradled in the embrace of respect and love, unites our existence—a wretched and tiny fragment of the cosmos—with the whole that is our saviour. The inner longing here, unable to be contained within infinity, becomes the expression of our love, and the cause, wisdom and meaning of our existence becomes the reason, the wisdom and the meaning of our existence. It makes us say, 'This is why we live.' In actions that do not surrender to infinity but are based on the causes and purposes of finite events, no moral character is discernible. The dissatisfactions that cause all beings to complain about life arise from our failure to immerse ourselves in infinity. Only the human being, who can tear asunder the veils confining existence to this realm of finite beings and open the door to infinity for themselves, will attain the true purpose there. And only once that veil has been lifted will the truth of things be understood, and events will acquire their true meanings. From there, life will be observed with serenity as a testing ground, and death as a station.

It will be understood that multiplicity is an illusion; everything will merge into the ONE. It will be known that everything is one thing; and it will be seen that the ONE is the Face of the Beloved, which cannot be contained by space.

Undoubtedly, the one who knows loves, forgives and is patient. The one who knows knows the One. The one who knows lives in the One. The one who knows sometimes dies, and is reborn into the world anew at every moment. The one who knows realises that all true knowledge is an attempt to participate in infinity

. Whether truth lies on earth, in the heavens, in the body or in the soul, it can be attained by gazing through a window opening onto infinity via this limited instrument we call consciousness. Thoughts and knowledge that do not open onto this infinity and the divine realm are always relative. They are all expressions of a relationship. They are all flawed; they are all merely conceptual views. The path to true knowledge passes through the realm of infinity. The knower has freed himself from all the emotions that scrutinise existence. He lives blissfully, whether in a dungeon or in paradise. In every state, he knows he is in the presence of infinity. Even in his suffering, he is still at a wedding, at a feast. He knows that all the world's blessings are no different from a rusty nail.

The one who knows has cast off pride, resentment and all forms of greed.

The one who knows is blessed. How fortunate is the one who says, 'I have known.'

Thought, which signifies mankind's engagement with the material world, takes many forms. The recognition of existence through reason, emotion, intuition, love, passion and compassion constitutes the various forms and degrees
.

Reason is the essence that makes humankind the sovereign of the world. Science, the product of reason, is a very small thing compared to compassion. Perhaps it is merely an illusion. It is the systematic illusion of secrets—coming from the invisible and returning to the invisible—that are momentarily perceived and known in the form of objects.

Emotion is the force that stirs the intellect. It is also what makes us aware of our own existence. Emotions are the beautiful and ugly flowers and scents of this tree called 'humanity'. We take comfort in them; with them, we endure life. We are deceived by them, and to ensure their continued existence, we spend our lives constantly deceiving one another. They sweeten our dreams and lend a fleeting meaning to the slumber of our lives. Art, woven from the fabric of emotions, is the solace of our life's trials.

Intuition is a light from beyond; perhaps it is the gateway to truths. It is a shaking off of heedlessness, a stirring of wisdom. Intuition is the descent of being from its shell into its depths, provided it remains within itself—a deepening within itself. It holds out the promise of liberation from transience, yet cannot save us. The philosophy and wisdom it leads represent our blessed helplessness: we who behold the true heavens but cannot fly.

Love is the wing that carries our hopeless existence towards infinity; it is the hope of infinity. Filled with all things

overflowing with all things. It is to live within things and to bear witness to things living within us. Love is the zeal for the constant re-creation of the worlds; a flow from eternal spirits towards us, a transition from transience to eternity. Love is the language of things; it is the united body of time and space. It is the interchanging of past and present, the embrace that occurs as the past becomes the present and the present becomes the past. It is time joining hands with eternity. It is waiting at the threshold of a great, a very great valley.

Passion is man's gradual detachment from things, one by one, and then his sudden possession of everything at once; it is the power that grasps infinity keeping watch within the human being. It is the power of existence that cannot be contained within itself; it is the will to return to one's essence. It is the attainment of that desire—which those who have attained the secret of 'Enelhak' and who ceaselessly implore, 'O God, grant me the strength and courage to behold my soul and body without revulsion!'—will never be sated with, even as they cry out at this station of longing.

As for mercy, it is unlike any of these; it cannot be measured against any of them. Perhaps all these merely prepare the ground for it; they are the efforts and prayers that bring one closer to it. Mercy is a state of encounter with God that occurs unexpectedly. As mercy intermingles with each of these spiritual states, they remain flawed or wretched. Just as knowledge devoid of mercy is a form of sorcery that brings no happiness, so too are emotions experienced outside the realm of mercy nothing but torment or wretchedness. Just as perceptions devoid of mercy are clothed in nothing but pride, so too is the lack of mercy in love perhaps a murder or a madness. Is not the lack of compassion in passion often a form of oppression? Upon closer analysis, it is also possible to see that each of these states of mind is merely another manifestation of compassion. Indeed, knowledge must surely be a compassionate stance of our mind in the face of the truth in the universe.

compassionate stance.

Emotion is the compassion that distinguishes us from lifeless objects and heartless beings; intuition is the mercy and tenderness woven from the subtlety of the soul that penetrates the very essence of things.

Love is compassion that swears by the existence of others to eternity : a fusion of compassion, the soul's

in the form of particles of mercy, merging with His being. Mercy is the act by which the soul, by wholly sacrificing itself to the work of Allah, attains Allah. The lover has attained the delight of being bathed in the infinite ocean of mercy. What love desires is for the movement of mercy to rise above our consciousness, taking on the form of an unceasing breath within existence, like an infinite panorama. The lover, caressed by the constant touch of mercy, communes with the otherworldly beings within the universe; he sees what the soulless skeletons fail to perceive, and hears the voices of God at the threshold of the earth.

Passion, on the other hand, is the binding of insatiable compassion to a single act. It is the divine messenger within us, urging us as if to say, 'Recite the name of your Lord!'

In a word, when its essence—hidden within itself many times over—is grasped, man is all mercy. Where there is no mercy, there is no man.

SIN

The earth is the homeland of sinners. Those who are sinless are those who have never come into the world. We do not actually stand before the Lord in a state of sinlessness, but cleansed of our sins. Virtue does not lie in coming into the world sinless and leaving it sinless, but in knowing how to be cleansed of one's sins. The heroes who conquer eternity are those who employ the most sublime, the most magnificent means of being cleansed of sin; from sin to virtue, from evil to goodness with a heroic leap.

What is sin? Some call it a sin not to worship the sun; others call it a sin not to prostrate oneself. For some, sin is not shedding the blood of an enemy; for others, it is eating animal flesh. Some call it a sin not to slaughter a sacrificial animal; others find sin in harming even an ant. For some, pride is a sin; for others, the sin lies in not worshipping an idol of pride.

What is the essence of all this? If one were to probe the inner nature of all these contradictory beliefs, it would be possible to escape from this contradiction. For all these elements of sin are merely paths, means, methods. Sin itself, however, lies in wait beyond them, lurking in their ultimate purpose. What is it, this true sin?

The true sin—the sin that is the end goal of all these evil means—is the desire of our being, which has burst forth from an animal-like physical cage and is making strides towards humanity, to revert from humanity to animality. Worldly life is a journey. By virtue of possessing a soul, man has established dominion over his animal body and rules over the body's passions. The soul, too, has a purpose: it

a journey towards God. The journey from the soul to God is the soul's triumphant march, its advance towards the realm of eternity. On this journey, every retreat, every turn back, and even, at times, a prolonged pause in one's tracks is a sin. Sin is thus·
is the very nature of the movement that turns us away from the soul towards the body and matter. Constant progress is the natural movement of the soul that carries a human being within itself; turning back, however, is its commission of sin. The journey from the body—which is material and possessed of material desires—towards the soul and, through it, towards God is a virtue, a good. It is that which leads to eternity
. On this journey, retreating out of a desire to take refuge in the body is a sin, an evil, and the loss of eternal life. There is a vast array of techniques involved in this movement, and from it arise many forms of sin. Just as it is a sin not to believe in one's own spiritual strength, so too are actions that hinder another's spiritual progress. Just as an action that obscures the goal on the journey leading to Allah and causes those walking this path to lose their way is a sin, so too is the lack of faith that paralyses our own spiritual strength a sin. Indeed, despair is a sin; hope is an act of worship. Recognising and promoting the paths that always lead forward is considered the greatest virtue; for this reason, knowledge stands at the forefront of acts of worship.

> Man is a traveller on the path to eternity; it is only through this path that he will find Allah

. Could there be a greater sin than hindering this journey? All our actions that paralyse
or even to damage the spiritual strength, hope and faith of others is a sin. To humiliate a person is a sin; to expose their sin, however, is a greater sin than simply committing the sin itself.

> A drunkard or a dissolute person commits a sin because they are halting the progress of their own soul

. However, this sin of theirs is not one of those sins that are unforgivable or irredeemable. A sin graver than this is the actions that hinder the progress of those walking the Path of Truth; these are assaults directed at their souls, leaving them motionless and helpless on this journey. Insult, which is a blow to the soul; gossip, which is to strike it from behind; and words that lead one astray from the Path of Truth

, envy that poisons the soul, and the exposure of sin that paralyses it entirely; oppression, which amounts to gathering the travellers on Allah's path into a single sanctuary and burning them—these are grave sins. The hopes, faith and all
spiritual strength are shattered. They have no strength left to carry the Truth. All of these are sins that constitute oppression against humanity.

Among all sins, there is one in particular that is utterly unforgivable, indelible, irredeemable and irreversible. For it eradicates the very essence of being human and the existence of the soul that walks in the path of Allah. It turns us into an instrument of evil, a conduit for every sin. It destroys our humanity. Many of our sins, perhaps even all of them, stem from this one. This sin separates the person it has penetrated, dominated and controlled from their true being. It unites with the intellect: it establishes kingdoms of pride. It aligns with the emotions: it arms itself with swords of envy and deceit. It binds the will: it suffocates faith. It drives the being it dominates to the very brink of flesh and blood, then leaves them there, convincing them it has saved them: it destroys humanity from within.

This sin—this unforgivable sin, this demonic sin that spreads like a contagious disease amongst humanity—is neither murder nor lust. This sin, this incurable affliction of the soul, is our greatest enemy: insincerity towards one's own self.

A soul that cannot face itself has fallen prey to the most dreadful of spiritual afflictions. If the insincere person knew that they were insincere, perhaps they might be saved. But they have been deceived by their own inner self: they are victorious, wealthy, powerful, intelligent. Why should he fear! For his greatest and true enemy is the alien entity lying in wait within his very being, within his own self. It is this accursed alien that is his success, his strength, his intellect; it is the heedlessness he mistakes for intellect. Yet in the end he will understand. A great shock will shake him, unleashing an apocalypse within his being, and the so-called success, strength and intellect
If those foreigners were to be dethroned, then perhaps they would understand. The owners of this power
are usually proud souls. Some men throw stones, claiming they are stoning the devil. Some destroy countries, claiming they have carried out conquests.

Some worship the devil, claiming it is an act of worship. It is precisely that insincerity which destroys conquerors, ascetics and so many other heroes of life. Both the scholar and the ascetic fall prey to that accursed spiritual paralysis. Both the strong and the weak tumble into that abyss, and all lose themselves there. People are constantly losing one another in this quagmire. That is the battle in which humanity is destroyed. Even if all other sins were forgiven, that one remains unforgivable.

FORGIVENESS

THE EARTH does not forgive ingratitude; time and again it awaits the gratitude of those who bestow seed upon it. The heavens do not forgive heedlessness; they await the sun's compassion to send mercy down to the earth. To forgive and to be forgiven is for humankind. However, it is a mistake to think that forgiveness is a lavish gift. Just as forgiving is an act of the heart, which reigns supreme over the mind, so too is being forgiven an act that takes place within the person's within one's own heart . There is no doubt that it is the heart that prepares the decree of forgiveness. Even if reason fails to comprehend it, the heart grants forgiveness to its own hero. The person who forgives, just like the one who is forgiven, must have elevated their heart to such a degree that it inspires the thought, 'This is what the human heart is like'

.

The true source of forgiveness is Allah. Human beings, too, forgive out of love for Allah, and only those who possess this love for Allah know how to forgive. The desire for revenge is utterly incompatible with forgiveness. A person without faith in Allah cannot forgive. The infinite love felt for all existence ceaselessly brings forgiveness to the earth. Forgiveness, nourished by love and not the product of intellect or calculation, is not a forgiveness that shields evil; rather, it is a purifier of sins. But who is worthy of this forgiveness? Which sins are cleansed by forgiveness, so that our world may be saved from the hell of hatred and transformed into a paradise of love?

We know that there is no forgiveness for insincerity towards one's own soul. Sinners who, after committing a sin, give an account before their own conscience in sincere words and never tire of enduring the anguish of their deeds are forgiven. It is not the ascetics who consider themselves sinless, but those who

for the forgiveness of their sins—those who, with eyes as clear as the blood in their veins, shed unceasing tears from their eyes into their hearts—are the ones who are forgiven. They write a list of a sinner's sins and hand it to him, saying, 'Read this!' He weeps so profusely that the scene, blurred by his tears, no longer reveals the list of sins. His tears wash away his sins and secure his forgiveness. Rather than those who recite many prayers, it is those who bring a smile of hope to the face of an orphan worn down by despair who will be forgiven. Whilst those who commit sins with their bodies may be forgiven, those who fill souls with despair, despondency and fear will not be forgiven. The intoxicated soul, once it possesses a heart seeking forgiveness, will find it ready in the Preserved Tablet. Yet those who harbour sedition and hypocrisy will not be forgiven. Rather than those who stone the Devil, it is those who bring joy to the wretched who will be granted forgiveness. Those who inflict suffering upon humankind, and those who sanctify the human spirit, will not be forgiven. How fortunate are those who are tortured at the hands of others in order to receive their Lord's forgiveness! Those who erase a single mistake through a thousand hardships are the servants whom Allah will purify and bring before His presence on earth through forgiveness. Those heroes who wash away and cleanse a wound in their hearts with a lifetime's worth of tears are lovers whose only desire is to ascend to the highest heights in the paradise of forgiveness. Those who seek to gain His forgiveness easily will not attain it. The peace of sacrificing an entire life for the forgiveness of even the smallest sin should not be regarded as too great a price. When we seek forgiveness, it is more precious than the world and all our lifetimes. The moment our Lord grants it, He forgives a thousand sins for a single act of repentance and bestows a thousand paradises for a single act of love. Sometimes a thousand supplications are needed for the forgiveness of a single sin; at other times, a single supplication wipes away a thousand sins.

On the face of the believer—even in their gaze–the humility of one seeking forgiveness is seen to be united with the mercy of the Forgiver. Listen to the calls to prayer with your heart: they are scattering the mercy of forgiveness across the world. The scene we behold in the presence of the believer is, once again, a horizon framed by the love of mercy and forgiveness.

Forgiveness is the noblest saviour of the heart that is worthy of it. It also saves the forgiving heart through the same act. When we consider human nature and the desires of the heart, 'Allah did not create us to commit sins

' would be a more accurate expression of divine intention and will.

The Qur'an is the greatest book of forgiveness. If the earth is a garden in which forgiveness is sown far and wide, the human heart is the divine trust that sprinkles the elixir of forgiveness upon it. We become truly human by being forgiven for our sins, and through death we shall attain the secret of eternal forgiveness. Those who wish to taste the infinite joy of existence are those from whose hearts' gardens the fragrance of forgiveness emanates. A being that does not forgive perishes within itself. A paralysed soul that cannot attain the will to forgive cannot save other souls. True victory, true happiness, lies in being able to forgive even those who have wronged you and those who do not forgive you.

SELF

'There is a "self" within me from me within.'
Yunus EMRE

It is as though we come into the world with a heavy burden on our backs. It is as though there is a chain holding us back. One after another one after the other one after another one after another, It is this burden on our backs, this chain on our feet, these doubts and fears, that constitute the fear of living which greets us in this world. Despite all these obstacles, the 'will to exist' makes a pledge to life. Taking all dangers in its stride, it declares, 'I am here'. This declaration of the self to the universe is like a warning. Hidden within it is a force that says, 'Here I come; you shall be as I wish'. Whilst the human being still lives within the vital cell has . The self, the moment it becomes aware , this realisation is merely knowing itself. It possesses both the power to know and the power to be as it wishes. In other words, it both knows itself and knows that it is free. However, this freedom is the manifestation of the will to exist in a state of consciousness. It is precisely this will to exist that, having been cast into a world by necessity, forges ahead by overcoming all manner of obstacles and seeks to make all things its own. In other words, with every step, it desires to exist more fully. Our self grows, transforming from a silent stream into a torrent, a waterfall, a surging

river. Whilst at first it merely seeks to exist, in the end it thing.

This vital self, which is the first within us, sets itself against other selves; it is driven by the ambition to live at the expense of others. It seeks not merely to incorporate objects and entities, but even the entire universe into its own self, and this gradually becomes a necessity for it. An insatiable beast emerges within man. When this beast harnesses the intellect, it becomes an unstoppable force. It wages war, invents technology, amasses wealth, carries out conquests, and enslaves people.

Pride is the greatest emblem and banner of the self's triumph. Human pride is not merely a trait found in those who possess great yet mindless happiness. It is a poisonous elixir present in all of us, surging through our professions, family lives, authority, knowledge and even our genius; it smoulders beneath this dome, permeating even our joyful smiles. It is the offspring of the will to exist. Humanity lives happily with it and is poisoned by it. Youth is proud; for the self spreads out towards the horizons of hope. The strong and the powerful are proud; for they possess a self capable of trampling others. Are not the most arrogant among us rulers, judges, tyrants and prostitutes? In all of them, the self believes in itself because it finds within itself the power to annihilate other selves, and the will to exist ultimately becomes the power to annihilate others. Thus, man has chosen a strange predicament: he used the will to exist in order to live, and once he exists, he becomes a hindrance to the existence of others. In other words: It was our right; we desired existence, and having attained it, we now wish to annihilate other existences. It is impossible to sacrifice one for the other. What are we to do? There is no doubt that just as the intoxication which humanity mistakes for happiness overflows from the grandeur of the self, so too does the misery which it carries with it to the grave stem from this very self. In every pilgrimage, the nothingness of the distance between existence and non-existence serves as a warning of our wretchedness. Instead of confronting his wretchedness, man merely embraces it and extols it—

. The patience thus attained is the most beautiful and redemptive art. The person intoxicated by the admiration of pride—which is strength, violence, hatred and deceit, stratagem and hypocrisy—stands on the final step of their misery. There is no longer any happiness for them.

Hostility is the clash of two monstrous selves. Jealousy rooted in carnal desire is, once again, the monstrosity of the self. The lust for wealth is, in essence, of the same nature. Success, competition, war—all are the monstrous outbursts of selves that have lost hope of happiness.

Through the human self—that is, through the combined workings of our consciousness and freedom—we reach the very threshold of a great door. Those who can open this door find another self within. Thanks to this divine trust bestowed upon us from eternity, it becomes possible to be freed from torment, to attain one's purpose, and to love existence. Once this divine trust—which leads us to the purpose of eternity within the realm of finite beings—has been attained, the art of the human being consists in the gradual renunciation of the ambitions, the pleasures of domination, the whims and the appetites that constituted their former, vital self. This art of the human being—who, reaching out with the will to exist, renounces the entities of the world they once embraced—gradually becomes a natural state within them. In this state of maturity, we renounce jealousy and whims, domination and envy. We turn away from luxury and cravings. We forget joy and sorrow. We take delight only in divine joy. We renounce everything that makes us say 'I'—whether it be lust, wealth or fame. We are left alone with the gratefulness we feel for the beating of the heart within our chest and the wonder we feel in the face of existence. To be freed from the self and to live as a servant to all beings becomes our passion. We ask our hearts time and again: 'Tell me, what else remains within me? Let me cast it aside.' We ask our hearts time and again: 'Tell me, what else remains within me? Let me cast it aside.'

Once the monster of the ego has been completely emptied from existence, one is able to love everything. One becomes grateful to existence, as if using something that does not belong to oneself. To forgive one who has done oneself a wrong is to be sated with it—

. Suffering a misfortune becomes as natural to them as the flow of the vital current.

Every step taken by a person on the path to true happiness is not an act of conquering a new land, but perhaps an act of withdrawing by relinquishing yet another part of their own lands. Victory in this lies in being able to relinquish everything one possesses. A person who can sever and abandon all worldly ambitions and desires—like a thread drawn from a spool—is truly happy. Only one who, when the time comes, can joyfully hand over even life itself—the final glimmer of one's existence—to its owner by saying
'Take back what is entrusted to you!'—only such a person may be considered the owner of a life worth living. 'A person without aspirations is weak,' you might say—never! Is he wretched, you ask? No. Indeed, because he has bound his heart and his entire being to eternity, and lives in ecstasy within the infinity of the divine promise, he is happier than any of us; and because he has cast aside the forces of this transient world to bind himself to the power of eternity, he is stronger than any of us.

Because he asks nothing of us, he harbours neither resentment nor envy. Since he has no need for the transient and wretched elements to which our ambitions and desires are bound—nor even for the peace and rest that are expressions of our own weakness—there is nothing in common with us that he might share, nor anything that would make him our rival. His very existence is the greatest strength; his prayer is absolute freedom; and his movement is a spiritual dominion equal to eternity. The philosopher Bergson, speaking of the Saints who possess this strength, says: 'They do not force us to follow them. They ask nothing of us. Yet the people follow them. For their very existence is a call.'

Primitive humanity nurtured its youth through physical sports. Later, amidst the wild laughter of circuses and arenas, gladiators and wild tigers were cheered. After Christian and Islamic education had liberated the younger generations from their primitive selves and led them to the divine self, a terrible regression once again cast humanity back into its primitive state. In the stands, feats of arm and leg dexterity were applauded—

Arms are being torn from their sockets. Shouts spilling over from egos everywhere send shivers down the spine. Physical sports and physical pleasures seem intent on putting an end to the victories of the spirit achieved through spiritual pursuits. Humanity is in a daze, so intoxicated that it cannot easily come to its senses. Let us hope that the movement which will bring it to its senses—as has always been seen in the history of humanity—will not be a great calamity, a great misfortune

STRENGTH

Is the man who seeks the source of his strength in the blood coursing through his veins anything more than a skeleton that has been graced by the flesh torn apart by gnawed grass? A wrestler hurls a massive body to the ground; Nero's henchmen fling bodies into the clutches of the wild beasts in the arena. Napoleon slaps the philosopher Volney. A man of power brings down heads with a single command. The owners of wealth, meanwhile, drive away the beggars at their doors. Anyone who relies on any power on this earth knows how to drag the weak—who cannot do the same—along, step by step, all the way to the grave. Do you call this power? If this is power, why does our world not smile, given that it is filled with tigers and snakes? Why do they spend their lives in a state of restless agitation? Undoubtedly because they are afraid. Undoubtedly, wild beasts attack because they are afraid. But they capacity or power to behave otherwise. Yes, they are helpless. Is the calamity caused by a snake's or a tiger's attack any different from a rock collapsing? Yet the rock is not said to be strong. So, who is called strong?

One must call 'strong' the free person—one who is first independent of one's own self, and then capable of acting independently towards everyone and the whole world. Is a person who is overcome by the torment, resentment and greed of their own self, and who acts on their greed and resentment, any different from someone who is a prisoner to others? Versengetori, gnashing his teeth whilst chained before Caesar, was truly a prisoner. But before the English judges—

with courage and sincerity, and who demanded that the law's harshest punishment be imposed upon him, was a free man. Timur, who had the garrison of Sivas buried alive, was one of the most wretched captives recorded in history. In contrast, Hallaj—who, whilst hanging on the gallows in Baghdad with his nose and ears pierced, implored Allah with these words on behalf of the heedless crowd stoning him—was a free and strong man:

'Forgive them, but do not forgive me. Since You are destroying my humanity in Your divinity, I implore You, by the right that my humanity holds over Your divinity, to forgive these people who are striving to reunite me with You.'

Saint Peter, the Apostle who spread Christianity in Rome, was weak and a captive as he fled, leaving behind the first Christians who had been strangled by the savage Romans. Yet, when the vision of the Messiah appeared before him, stepping into his path and confronting him fiercely with the words, 'Where are you going, master?', he fell to the ground and wept; but after rising, he ran to Rome with the greatest joy and freedom—as if with divine freedom—and when he surrendered himself to the emperor's soldiers, he was as strong as the whole world. At this very gate, where he was crucified alongside his disciples, people gathered for centuries to gather the fruits of strength and freedom for their souls.

The free and strong person is not the predator, but the creator. He is a being like the sun that brings light to the world. Hatred is the fruit of weakness and bondage. Love is a storehouse of abundance and mercy. The weak curse, whilst the strong are the beloved of prayer. There is no land on earth that cannot be conquered through compassion and love. Violence wears itself down; hatred defeats itself. Those who do not realise that love conquered our world from the very moment of its creation are wretched and weak in spirit. Have pity on the oppressors, have pity on the spiteful, have pity on those who know no pity, until the tree of mercy planted by the Messiah on this earth extends its branches to the outcasts and has pity on the cowardly hearts that show no pity for the very souls it seeks to destroy.

Do you not see that I have compassion for the cowardly nights, for the free and unrestrained heart that has compassion for the cruel bodies? The earth, having compassion for those who crawl upon it amidst a thousand miseries, I have finally embraced them to my bosom, hope—

Do you not know that our very existence is a veil stretched over death, which pursues us at every moment? He who shows no compassion is heedless, cowardly and wretched. Yes, he lives unaware of his own existence and fears to draw near to himself. He will never be the guardian of the trust bestowed upon him. Just as it is impossible for the sun not to warm—
, so too is it impossible for strong spirits not to have compassion for people. Compassion is a divine essence pervading the entire universe
divine essence. It is the source of love. Love, in turn, is the source of all the forces
the source of all the forces that truly give life to humanity. Just as all our actions bear the stamp of our character, so too are all our thoughts the movements of a will that seeks to emerge from the universal and infinite sea of compassion and transform itself into a force. Our existence, which is merely the steward of the great will that descended to earth with us for the realisation of divine compassion, has achieved its most mighty conquests through the hand of this will. Countries whose soil has not been sown with the seed of mercy have become lands of mourning for many conquerors. The lack of understanding and love that opens dark chasms between hearts, and the calamities they engender, are the result of being deprived of the essence of mercy. If you lack power, you cannot feel compassion, for that is the greatest power of all. He who does not feel compassion does not realise that the greatest
—the key that unlocks the door to all happiness—has been lost. O force that ceaselessly kicks at the work of the universe, which has a single origin! You are the embodiment of powerlessness, you are the symbol of helplessness. Is it possible, by following this path, to attain the power found in the love of Yunus, who felt compassion for every particle? What sort of man was Yunus, I wonder? In his true nature, he was undoubtedly a human being just like us. Yet a human being is a transient statue, or a symbol. The symbol of true existence is the power that truly exists. In
:san is merely the temporary abode of this power. Power is evident in the work. In Beethoven's symphony, power roars; the world Zola brings to life amidst his tears carries power. Mevlana is a power that transcends our world. Yunus is the celestial force that conquers all hearts. And in all of them—Beethoven, Zola, Mevlana and Yunus—the forces that dwell within them all spring from the same source: the superhuman forces that have gushed forth from the wellspring of mercy, the creator of worlds and souls
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FREEDOM

You are going to the side of the human being who possesses true freedom and you are showing him another human being. The hands and arms of this second person are bound. You say to the free man: 'Strike this fellow whose arms are bound, beat him, crush him, treat him as you please!' The free man recoils; 'I cannot do this,' he says, 'my freedom forbids it; there is something in the very essence of my humanity that resists what you ask of me—I cannot be a tyrant.' Once again, you show the free man a piece of land belonging to another and say, 'The owner of this land is powerless; use this land, let it be yours.' The free man vehemently rejects this offer: 'I cannot do this,' he says, 'for this property is not mine; my freedom does not permit me to take possession of it.' To the same free man, you say: 'Are you not free? Insult this idea. Threaten this oppressed person.' His reply is as follows: 'There is a divine power, a divine force within me that does not permit me to insult the fruit of the soul, which is itself a divine essence; it seals my lips just as I am about to threaten the oppressed.' Clutching at a final hope in the face of the free man's astonishing state, the true captive approaches him with this plea: 'At least lie, deceive, slander, trample on people's self-respect, expose the dishonourable—for the honourable will inevitably be dragged into it anyway. 'Take your revenge on people in this way for this wretched example!' The free man, faced with the voice of the captive and the tyrant's sedition—which seeks to crush him on this earth and to utterly destroy humanity—says: 'Wretch,' he says, 'if I were not free, perhaps I would have heeded you. The humiliations you recommend…

will save neither you nor humanity. You wish to drag everything down with you. I wish to save everyone along with myself. For I am free. My freedom commands me to do this. All manner of calculations and cunning are powerless in the face of this command. Whilst I seek to save what you wish to destroy and overthrow, you will call my state 'helplessness'. Yes, because I am free, I am incapable of doing what you wish: I cannot destroy, I cannot slander, I cannot lie, I cannot oppress. Behold, this magnificent 'helplessness' within me bears the divine name of freedom."

It appears that a person who possesses true freedom is one who has freed themselves from the power to carry out many actions and has thus liberated themselves. A criminal capable of doing anything, or a psychopath capable of committing any crime, is not free. On the contrary, only those who, through their will, possess the power to refrain from many actions can be free. For a free will is not merely the activation of the force that drives one to action. Two forces prevail within it: one is the force of action, that is, the driving force. The other is the restraining force, that is, the braking force. Only the functioning of these two forces in perfect and complete harmony can make a person free. The driving force can come from any sphere. From the pleasures of life, from desires, from concern for one's own interests, from sympathy and habit, from love and fame, from ideals of science and art, from the obsessions of a diseased mind, from society, provocation, the love of victory, and, finally, the need to act—whatever form this vital automatism may take. A person may be driven into action by any one of these driving forces. If the driving force is a noble ideal, a humanitarian cause, the action may bear good fruit. If it is evil, it will result in a catastrophe or debauchery. Yet in either case, the person cannot be considered free. For the driving force alone cannot represent the person's will. Opposed to it is a restraining force, which, the moment the driving force comes into play, controls it at every step, applies the brakes in moments of error, and eases off the brakes when on the right path. Where an obstacle lies, it pauses, weighs up the situation, then makes a decision and stamps its own personality

. It is not an unbridled, uncontrolled—that is, unconscious, blind—march, like the movement of the driving force. Those who exploit the blind and unconscious flow of life—are the true enemies of freedom. They are terrified of a person being left alone with themselves. Without giving a person the chance to take refuge in their own soul, they in the depths of the soul they have driven us into, they ignite a blinding, smoky fire. They make us burn down our own home. They sacrifice our freedom to our own heedlessness.

Amidst the various economic, moral, scientific and political events, the discerning individual selects from all these those that are adopting those that align with them. They weave a fabric within their emotional realm from suggestions, interests and social conditions. They pass judgement first on the basis of a feeling. Having passed judgement, they then seek evidence to support it. In our world, a veritable gathering of causes and excuses, —he finds support that aligns with his own judgement. He becomes a follower of this or that belief, aligns himself with this or that group, or that movement's supposedly free chooser. In truth he is a prisoner of suggestions, self-interest, social conditions and his own feelings—which are nothing but a web woven from all these elements. All his actions, which he takes for freedom, are in fact the products of this captivity. The human being, a prisoner of his own self, of the earth, of society, of everyone and of everything, is a prisoner of the captivity that stands above all these things. For, moreover, he glorifies this very state: his pride and self-confidence are proof of this. Thus, man can always be a captive and becomes a captive of everything. How, then, should he be freed from these forms of captivity?

From the very moment that forces—whether good or bad, repulsive or motivating—set the individual in motion, the person who knows how to also set in motion the restraining, moderating force has grasped the secret of freedom. Thus, freedom means pitting a restraining force against the many and varied forces that drive the individual to action. This second force does not halt the action, but regulates and controls it; it endows the action with intensity at times, and lightness at others ; it compels it to scrutinise itself; it subjects it to its own judgement

. In this way, our free movement consists entirely of a perfect balance between the forces that drive us and those that restrain us.

We have said that the driving forces are many and varied; is the restraining force perhaps the same? No! For it is a single force, consisting of the human personality. Within the fabric of this personality lie such lofty spiritual elements as the sentiments of compassion and justice, the sense of honour and dignity, the love of truth and the love of humanity; and it is a unified power arising from the union of all these. It is called conscience. It distinguishes the individual who is human from other individuals; it lifts people out of the herd. It saves us from shouting with the herd and attacking as a herd.

Those who wish to raise free citizens must guard against turning generations into a herd. Every herd is a herd of captives. We can only be free as individuals. As the philosopher Kant so aptly explained, the conscience—imbued with culture and experience, emotion and knowledge—can only be free when moved by an Absolute Being.

The enemies that destroy our freedom are our resentments, our fears, our petty calculations and the insidious influences from those around us. The individual seeking freedom must first free themselves from all these things. Hatred and fear always lead us away from the truth. We can be free to the extent that we recognise our miseries. The individual who knows what they are a slave to, and the society that realises which forces hold it captive, stands on the threshold of freedom; it has come very close to it.

LIES

Words are the means of expressing life and events. Yet why does a person tell a lie? Why do they present what is incompatible with life and events as if it were compatible? The answer to this is simply the phrase 'to deceive'. But why do they deceive? Why do so many people present what is not as if it were, as the truth?

There are many reasons for lying. All of them stem from our weaknesses. A strong man, a person of sound mind, does not lie. A man who lies is sick; those who lie without cause are psychopaths. They love and use lies simply because they are lies, and they wish to convince even themselves that the lies they have concocted are not lies. To the extent that they convince others—and themselves—of the truth of the lies they have concocted, their souls find satisfaction; indeed, they can only survive in this way.

Furthermore, lying is a weapon wielded by malice and envy. A child tells a lie out of fear. They shift the blame for their mischief onto other children. A thief, too, is compelled to lie out of fear. A woman sometimes lies because she fears being left alone and helpless in life. When lies are told out of malice and resentment, fear is once again the dominant factor. Malice and resentment are the recourse resorted to when success cannot be achieved through legitimate and honest means. Those who cannot attain what is unattainable in terms of status and wealth, and those deprived of the very possibility of attaining it, harbour malice and resentment. In matters of love, all wretched souls become envious of the unattainable. As for virtue, all tormented consciences—

are consumed by malice. The unfeeling are the enemies of the lover; the godless are the enemies of the devout. For this reason, they slander the lover and the devout, and tell lies. Within a community, it is those with a conscience—rather than the conscience-less—who are slandered; and the lie of society is a more potent weapon than the lie of the individual; it is a destructive force akin to barrage fire. The faction that wields the lie as a weapon knows full well that once, a hundred times, a thousand times a lie is told, the people will believe it absolutely. Even if one believes oneself not to believe it, the lie will penetrate the depths of one's consciousness by peeling away a layer so thin it goes unnoticed from the surface of one's mind, day after day.

The poison of lies, instilled into our very being bit by bit, patiently and systematically, will one day poison us without our realising it and drive us to actions we never wanted, perhaps never even imagined. Tell a child: 'Your father is your enemy.' Even if the child loves his father dearly, repeat this once a day. Swear an oath and add a fabricated piece of evidence to your oath each time. One day, you may be able to make that child kill his father.

Senses

THE ARTIST

YOU ARE ALL preoccupied with me—with my strange and enigmatic existence compared to your own. You all recognise me as the hero of a great work, the object of immense fame. I, however, am a man who, like theatre actors who play a different role on stage every evening, have grown weary of living the lives of others amongst you.

You imagine me to be the one who loves you most, the one who understands people best and the happiest among you. You imagine that to find the happiness you seek, it is enough to regard the world as an indispensable part of oneself. Yet I have spent all my love on perceiving things and people as the most utterly alien to myself; I have devoted my heart to this end, and now I inflict a thousand torments upon my very being with my longing for them. Yet I, too, could have felt happiness, for these things had been shared with me just as they are with everyone else. I can say that, in every turbulent phase of my existence, in every dreadful moment of life, the fiery experience has taught my very being this: one must live like everyone else. How innocently these masses of people worship the image of the multitude! Until now, I did not realise that life could be lived in harmony with this multitude—both by day and by night, amidst both friendship and strife, both laughing and weeping, everywhere and with everyone. I had not wanted to think that every human being—every weak and, in my eyes, worthless creature—had searching eyes, clawing nails, scheming thoughts, and a gender of their own. Yet it turns out one must make room for all of these in life. I should have been taught to worship the body.

That would have been a great skill. Perhaps then, for a single moment, my wretched face—which you look at but never understand—might have been able to say:
'I, too, have earned the right to smile.' I should have been taught to live.

I know no one; I understand no one's language. I remember from long ago, when I was a child, men and women used to come to our house. I'd feel a thrill at their arrival, thinking they were going to do something, as if they were going to decide on something pertaining to my destiny. Yet they would simply sit, talk, and then leave just as pointlessly as they had arrived. What empty hearts they had, what feeble creatures they were! Now I am like a torture victim, bound to a stake of blazing fire with my doubts and fears, spinning round with it. My body is covered in wounds of doubt and fear. I would prefer to hide away in a dark corner rather than live through any victory. I have saved myself from being poisoned by the happy smiles that everyone puts on in an atmosphere where the crowd soars on the wings of joy. I have mingled with this atmosphere through hatred, rebellion, and a temper that shatters even the strongest steel armour. Where everyone laughed, I suffered. Their laughter seemed to fuel my hatred, as if it nourished this suffering. I kept my deepest feelings hidden within this hatred and this suffering. Just as I have known love, suffering and misery, I have also tasted the fall from the greatest honour to the darkest humiliation. I came to know life and people amidst this degradation. Everyone wants to be worshipped, to be a statue of victory. I want to shatter that statue. I do not wish to be worshipped or applauded. I wish only to watch the work of my will from a distant and hidden place, observing it amongst people. People thought my anguish stemmed from a narrow and maddening passion. Yet I bear the anguished frustration at why events unfold as they do. Even in the face of the 'greatest events'—which must be so, springing from the absolute will of the entire universe and all mortal beings—I was awestruck by this manifestation, by this coming into being. I worshipped this destiny and loved it. There were moments when, in the presence of the universe and all beings, I was shaken by anger and hatred towards people. This beautiful universe—

universe, this boundless state of ecstasy and absorption, I envied it from these soulless human beings. The Creator ought to have cast these people out of the universe. Yet I had no community to put in their place. Nor did I find a means to transform this divine wrath into love and affection. Neither knowledge nor philosophy, nor fame nor wealth, nor poetry nor art—none of these could completely stifle and extinguish my passionate rage within me. In those moments when I stood in ecstasy before the wisdom and philosophy of the universe, in the face of humanity's centuries-old knowledge, I recall the voice that came from within me: 'I shall become a murderer—a definitive and redemptive judgement!' The happiness that made my very being shudder with hatred, I regarded, at every touch, as a garment ill-fitting upon me. I bestowed it upon those beggars of happiness who, in their agony, feared to reveal the emaciated, paralysed skeleton of their souls. I fear losing my suffering, and by swiftly turning away from the path leading to happiness, I tested my self's endurance in the hell of suffering. I created my sufferings; I sought them out. For people do nothing but what they deem to be good. Yet my helplessness, my wretchedness, stem from the powers inherent in absolute existence, and are distinct from your own helplessness and wretchedness. The hero of wretchedness you see in the work I created by feeding on my mortal existence—the hero who, whilst believing his soul to be stronger than anyone else's, yet crawls in the depths of life—that was me. Have you recognised the proud beggar who by turns mocks himself and begs for success? That sincere deceit—knowing how to derive a share of pride from the mockery of the soul—was my art. My art—this feeble, stubborn spirit that dares to compete with God—is my beloved, who has left me but a single cruel gift: suffering. This suffering, which lives within me as the purpose of every quest for truth, every stubborn and harsh proof, every theory of motion, has set me apart from all my beloveds, from everyone. This jealous beloved strives to trample and destroy even the faces of the beloved who nourish her. Alone, she struggles against me to exert greater dominion over my life than she does over my work, and she defeats me at every moment. I have surrendered to her; my powers of resistance lie in her hands. Here is the one you recognise in the work

kind-faced misery is the countenance of my soul, living in abject servitude under his will.

You have never understood me; you do not know the sins I have committed in places none of you have seen, nor do you recognise my weaknesses. Yet in prayer and during the prayer, in the presence of God, you have not seen the tears that flow before my soul. No, I do not wish to live by clinging to you, by hoping in you, by sacrificing my self and my feelings to your pride—in which I have found nothing but a worthlessness, a lack of ambition, a lack of purpose, and, in truth, a pride-less nothingness. My destiny is bound to yours. Without
·I cannot move forward without holding your hands, without pleading with you, without uniting with you in love. I do not wish to live any longer bound to your fate, hoping for deliverance from you. Go, people, leave me alone and go; perhaps in this solitude I shall find salvation through unity.

'I have neither friends, nor family, nor a homeland!'

HONOUR

TO MY FRIENDS

Everyone uses this magnificent word; it is as if everyone knows what it means. Yet they do not; many seek it in the listless resignation that those who go with the flow, without disrupting the general course of events, display before society. What a beautiful order this resignation creates! There is no doubt that society's order is the guardian of our happiness. Society reacts against those who disrupt this order and punishes them: this is what legal theorists say. Yet there is a class that the law does not punish; they bear the stamp of society's honour upon themselves; these are the 'hunters of happiness' who live by the privileges granted by society. Society does not touch them; for these honourable individuals carry the charter granted by society in their hands, and society is the guardian of their honour. They cannot tolerate individualities that purify their own souls without needing any outside help. Those who brought Jesus out of the hayloft where he had hidden to escape the onslaught of the police called the Prophet of God dishonourable. In the eyes of the Athenians, Socrates was dishonourable because he said, 'I do not believe in the truth of your laws.' Friends who take pleasure in attacking the sacred among the crowd of society and armed with the crowd's strength! I beg you, just once, without seeking aid from society's forces, to refrain—even if only once—from arming the helpless parasites who. follow in your wake,

, and for once, without bowing to the dictates of social logic

and in the very depths of your consciences, and only

If we were to face —the hero of individualism—with the spirit and the forces! Behind the trenches of society , the wretched masks you have fashioned from logic will be flung from your faces . You'll just make another mask, won't you? I am disgusted by your forms of oratory —the creator of masks suited to every social occasion . All around us every success artist orator is using it: the seller who wants to deceive their customer is using oratory , the lover who wants to cheat on their partner is using oratory , the man who is striving to carry out their weak will behind their convictions is using oratory on the podium , the wretched with logic sorcery the writer who employs his skill, and who, for the most part, uses oratory in the name of truth, magnificent bronze monuments, from the heights very to those wandering below, they use oratory in the name of history! In our age, oratory has taken the place of archaic poetry. Under the pressures of society the increasingly weakened individual spirits are succumbing to all manner of weaknesses

Were there not bees whose very hairs stood on end in the face of such loathsome rhetoric? The true honour of those who revere the strength of the spirit is constantly being accused through these very rhetorical methods. When the tyrants judges, whilst being called to account for their actions and- those who shout 'Honour! Chivalry! ', stand against with the drive of their individuality and , guided by their consciences,

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All forms of rhetoric share a single purpose. Whether it be the eloquence of the merchant or the lover, the orator or the poet who composes panegyrics , or the poet who writes in rhyme, all such eloquence represents labour expended in pursuit of the same goal. Morality, upheld by the law, is lived alongside happiness; virtue, founded on eloquence, leads to happiness; thus, philosophy's age-old question has been resolved: Virtue is never separate from happiness.

But what a beautiful nature, what a beautiful consolation! My friends who, in happiness, are virtuous, in the highest positions , , ,
Do not all strive to prove, each in your own eloquent way, that your happiness lies in the material world and your virtue in the spirit. Success is but a worn-out mask that has always drawn a veil over the eyes in the face of the spirit's movements.

'Their sins have been forgiven; for he loved greatly.' Jesus spoke these words as he forgave the greatest sinner in the community. For all the heroes who fulfilled their duty of honour towards the universe loved greatly and suffered greatly. They sacrificed the triumphs of the intellect—which lead us to success—along with the comforts of the body that bring us pleasure, to the ideal of honour. The true meaning of this ideal is for the soul to come to its senses, to remain true to itself, and to believe in itself. In truth, matter plays not the slightest role in bringing the soul to salvation. The body, this mould in which the soul is imprisoned, is its enemy. The hero who seeks to save his soul does not consult it. For reconciling these two hostile forces is possible only through the soul's defeat . The body, beneath the table , snores—

Whilst still in the body, the soul ascended to the seventh level of the heavens.

Only the virtue of the body

virtue, is not virtue. The man whose will has never clashed with his body, should not be regarded as the representative of virtue . Greek wisdom separated the soul from the body. 'The soul, without becoming defiled, can surrender itself to the body's desires' —this wisdom denies the struggle between soul and body. In truth, this struggle within us, which resembles the Day of Judgement , , , gives rise to individualities . Is the detachment of the happy man—who has not entered into the duel between soul and body —from his ideals of honour and virtue merely a fantasy or is it ? Is the Christian saint , who throws his naked body onto thorns to silence the cries of his flesh , a moral

idealist. Sainte-Thérèse, for years her body to pleasure sustenance

After doing so, she was reunited with God in a great spiritual surge. This saint, who had tasted the most intoxicating pleasure of beautiful bodies, finally attained the perfection of beautiful souls. In the struggle she undertook to strengthen her spirit, she did not hesitate to inflict torments upon her body through her own will.

Habits cannot constitute morality. We must remain grateful to those who cause us great suffering. For they create within us the struggle between spirit and body. This resolute clash, elevates our individuality to the heavens

, , , which brings us to , , , , , the movement of the soul

. Men who have never once in their lives experienced the clash between soul and body are speaking of honour . From the moment of their birth yesterday-

Or those poor souls who live by the moral principles they have found ready-made speak of morality . Morality, is the soul's acquisition of strength , and this strength is gained only through conflict with the body. Is it not a prerequisite for preparing for the inner struggle to admit to ourselves the body's miseries and downfalls, and to set them before our soul? Oscar Wilde said: 'There is no fall or downfall
that does not spiritualise the self' he said. The man who knows his weaknesses , the man who speaks of his miseries , the one who calls upon his rival for the struggle
is the owner of that spirit. Confession, which is the medicine for the soul, is uplifting not because it purifies the self from sins, but because it pits the soul against the pleasures of the body ; it is the saviour of the soul .

Fear is not the measure of morality. Fear that does not disturb the order of the universe—which is governed by the body and preserved in the mind by habits—cannot carry moral value. In order to pass from the world inhabited by matter and the physical body to the world of morality , we must undergo a transformation (conversion). O dwarfs of the spiritual world who wish to be moral idealists whilst clinging to the nature of their birth!

Here, the great ones are the shepherds who trampled upon their crowns whilst still princes, and the holy mothers who reached God after losing their way. Neither are they the arrogant rich who distribute the earth's bounties to the poor, nor the noble rulers who have wielded the sword of victory . You go, bodies
Rest in the most suitable place amidst this harmony; blend into a happy life without disrupting the general harmony of society; and know that the body
is the enemy of the soul; the possessors of the soul never take pleasure in the body's tranquillity. They will always remain far from you . Do not attempt to come to an agreement with them , do not give them advice , and if you wish to be even a little honourable, do not reproach them!

O memory lost in the depths of legend: Honour!

CHILDREN

We are sinners; the fruit the light will be the soul the field we have reduced to ruins. We have wronged our children ; from time immemorial in the banquet may they live—

We failed to cherish the divine trust brought by our little ones , who brought down the dream of life from heaven to earth . We were to have guided them, holding their hands and leading them step by step through the realm of their own dreams, to the sanctuary of truth. In these angelic beings we call children, there was sincerity, love, hope—all of these. Whilst we should have been nurturing these divine seeds within his soul—the lights that would illuminate the gates of Paradise—we tore him away from his own world. We thrust him into our dungeon of self-indulgence, self-interest, hypocrisy and oppression. We failed to realise the maturation that would lead him to God through the dream in which the essence of his soul was immersed , and the path that would guide him to God . Instead, the filthy

, we have filled all its desires .

We are guilty; we have poisoned those innocent hearts overflowing with the love of faith. We have darkened those hearts that burned with the need for love . We have turned the obedience to the path shown by the Prophet —which is a symbol of —into rebellion . We have killed the love of submission that shone in our children's eyes ; instead, we have placed acts of charity in their place . One day , a great day , the day comes, we will surely be asked: In their eyes , faith; , in their tears, Allah , visible to the young one , how did we slaughter them? From us, , into their hearts , a shot of strength will be administered; , the truth , in their dreams , a light will be held; , those who seek the protection in their pure souls, seeking refuge with us , Allah's lamb , how did we slaughter it? They are ours too, aren't they? Will they perhaps become ours ? Perhaps those we have poisoned with a thousand poisons, to whom we have taught lies, fitne, greed and hatred , with every movement of our hands and and our tongues —

Will our children, into whose souls we have instilled oppression, truly be 'ours'? As they wander through our world with those innocent strides, seeking the path to Paradise, whilst we follow them like treacherous hands striking from behind, will they form the faithful and pure generation of tomorrow? Will the feet that wander amongst our graves be those angelic steps, the trust entrusted to us by Allah? Or will they be... or will they be?

The child , known as and the copy of , this divine essence
Is it a skill, a revolution, or what do you call it, to bring forth faces laden with the greed of a thousand and one animals?

I MADE IT MYSELF

'No matter how marvellous the world may be to me, what I do to myself is even more marvellous!'

Oscar Wilde

I have fallen! I have been deceived! I am ruined!

A generation that has FALLEN and lost all hope of salvation cries out like this.

The cry is neither verbal nor conscious. Yet it is even more tragic, even more meaningful; for it gushes forth from life's dreadful scene, reminiscent of the Day of Judgement. Trampling upon all value judgements, all rules of conduct , and crushing respect and modesty , and faith and hope , suffocating their light , , dragging souls before and , and a dizzying whirlwind has engulfed us, causing screams in a vortex of nothingness where all are drowning; as if from all the fallen beings , the same , muffled , voice is heard: 'I am finished!' The , a life in ruins , which force will save it?

Our revolution needs saviours, apostles. Those who have fallen do not know they have fallen, those who have been overthrown do not know they have been overthrown. How can eyes that have never seen the light know the sun! Especially those children, abandoned to the beggary of their instincts, the fatherless, the orphans, ! Those who hear the voice rising from the darkness in which they are drowning, will be counted as the Messiah of the age.

A great saviour, describing the darkness that suffocates us, said:

'Hearts are merciless, emotions are weak, aspirations are lost!'

Our first guide, our first warning, will be a great, a very great sense of shame. We must cling to the redemptive torment of remorse, laden with hope——which modesty and modesty of heart will bring. The wretch who cannot feel remorse will never emerge from this dark tunnel. Those whose fate has been saved, are, at the very least, those who are capable of repenting for the wretched life they are now living. Let not our repentance be deferred until the moment of death, nor let our children, having inherited our bewilderment, our oppression, and this hell we have nurtured within ourselves, be forced to endure our repentance after we are gone. We have not known how to have compassion for ourselves; let us at least have compassion for them. Let us take refuge in repentance, which means to feel remorse and rise up with hope. Let us know that there is a great saviour who melts away and destroys all despair and misery. And When He dwells within us, He is hope, faith, mercy—
It is so. For one who has lost everything to gain everything once more is the child of hope,
child, the fruit of faith, the harvest of the sun of mercy. Salvation begins at that great moment when a person is ashamed of their own wretchedness . To move from this state of shame, from this mercy turned towards ourselves , to faith and hope, we undoubtedly need guides, admonishers and saviours who will not trample on our misery, but who will take us by the hand with forgiveness and patience and lift us up. Our generation is in need of guidance and of thousands of guiding hands. It awaits the saving hands that will pull it back from the precipice through the ecstasy bestowed by patience!

THE SPIRIT THAT WILL REVIVE SOCIETY

CEMİYETİ yuğuracak ruh, ne bir sihirbazın ruhudur; ne

It is the spirit of the warrior who brought his sword down upon the Gordian Knot. It is neither the spirit of a liberator intoxicated by the joy of victory, nor the spirit of the scholars bent over their black-bound, bulky tomes. Just as the leaven of imitation cannot shape it, neither can the leaven of accusation and denial. That spirit will help us rediscover our lost selves. With a thousand regrets, we have finally come to realise that in this world, whilst it may be easy to find everything else, finding oneself is difficult. Where shall we find ourselves? Wherever we have run outside ourselves, we have remained in exile. How shall we run towards ourselves? They say we need a light, a guide. In a universe where every part, every particle is a guide, and every aspect is filled with light , we are searching for a single light, a single guide.

The spirit that will shape society is that of the Anatolian dervish—who, whilst uniting within himself the wisdom of ancient Asia with the inspiration of the Qur'an, will be in awe of the West's four centuries of learning, embrace its mindset, and be familiar with its philosophy.

The twentieth century opens up a path for us that is more thorny than any previous century. The child of our age is a captive not merely of his own simple self, but of the great industrial behemoth, of the machine that stands in for thousands of souls; he is a captive of a self that is itself a captive to all these things. The child of Anatolia, however, is a captive of a life yearning for hundreds of forms of captivity, a life enslaved by hundreds of captives, a life nourished daily by a thousand moments of heedlessness and . From the oppressor , a path to salvation that will lead to

There is no path for a human being in this world whose place was predestined from time immemorial

... He pins his hopes on the machine. He does not realise that there is no path leading from the machine to God . Man's place in the universe was predestined from time immemorial

; it embraces both wisdom and technology; yet wisdom does not arise from technology. The machine possesses neither knowledge nor love, and mechanisation in every field is a farewell to love , to wisdom and to . The machine

destroy every place it is introduced into. Man is the infinite, this sort of

absolute command of that spiritual, pure distance , they will become a

captive to the commands of the machine situated at the opposite pole.

Religion per-

Just as hatred hidden beneath the surface is veiled by the cloak of mercy, so too is envy the result of the enslavement of the human body—a physical machine —to .

The spirit that suffocates society , will not serve our bewildered desires ; it will resist us and thereby save us. We wish to fall; we sanctify pleasure; we flee from ourselves.

It is that will save us , the spirit , is the sacred legacy left for us on Mount Hira . Whilst it brings us lullabies of mercy and compassion from the martyrs of a thousand years of jihad, today every is a tomb , a sword—

It will offer inspiration and hope in their shadow. The spirit that will give us life—the spiritual fragrance rising from the graves of our forefathers, the loves rising from the battlefields of jihad, the thoughts that, having wandered across the earth forming divine gardens of roses—will become the elixir that fills our hearts.

It will open hearts numbed by despair with a thousandfold fervour. It will allow reason and inspiration to coexist side by side; it will unite the Heart with the Qur'an. It will teach that life is a continuous and unbroken love of worship, that our actions are a race of faith and excitement, and it will teach the child of this age—pale-faced , , hopeless and , lacking the strength to believe , and —

. He will teach so that the individual , who is and , at every step , a new misery

If our thirsty, living being is a centre in the universe, then society is a circle encircling it. This circle, known as infinity and

envelops the community from all sides .

The spirit that will save us , , is the spirit that thirsts for the love of this . It is not the one who reduces eternity to finite beings, but the one who elevates the mortal to eternity . It is the one who transmits inspiration to the mind , not the one who reduces inspiration

to the mind, but rather elevates the mind to inspiration. In the presence of an inspiration , closing one's eyes , , receiving the glad tidings of inspiration , . He is the One who rescues us from transience within the realm of the perishable and leads us to eternity.

Where will we find him? Who will we wait for?

After searching for him for lifetimes, just like Mecnun, on the day we find him, from the depths of our hearts this joy cry will burst forth:

'I was searching for you far away whilst you were right here in my own home!'

THE PATH TO THE RIGHT FLOOR

THE PATHS have multiplied and our eyes have grown dim. Have we perhaps fallen into the embrace of a night that will never end? The veil of despair wraps itself tightly around us. Power lies in the hands of the wicked, the righteous are oppressed, and judgement is in the hands of the tyrant. Even a newborn child knows nothing of mercy. The innocent are attacking their own saviour. Brotherhood has been turned into enmity. The enemies of truth seek to destroy their brothers who seek salvation. Never before have faith and hatred, devotion and pleasure, wrestled so fiercely beneath this dome. We are all as if condemned to live as orphans of truth. We

. Which is the path that will lead us to the truth?

Is this path perhaps one of the many complex paths that surround the horizon of our existence? Before us lie the paths of deceit, cunning and politics. There are paths of passion, wealth, fame and violence. There are paths of oppression, bigotry, torment and strife. Whilst hundreds of caravans, travellers on these paths that encircle our world, roam around us, the light that will inspire us lies within our own hearts. Let us guard against envying bewildered mortals. We must ceaselessly purify this heart—filled with hatred by heedless enemies—through worship, love and patience; otherwise, we are as though doomed to perish in the middle of the path. Our path is the path of mercy towards our oppressive brothers. Why should the oppressor, who destroys himself in his heedlessness, be an enemy of humanity? Let us teach him to love, by loving him. Who is more in need of mercy than the young man who attacks his teacher with hatred? Have you ever heard of an idolater who curses the sun? If so, the miracle of the sun will be to enlighten him. If the sun

If it burns, it is the fire of hell. However, the sun that warms and illuminates is the true sun. Is the university of oppression ? Where has it ever been seen that a gravedigger is called a doctor ? My friends, if you cannot forgive the oppressor and the gravedigger , you will not be able to see the sun .

The path leading to the sun of truth is a straight, level path. Yet, amongst people, there are few who travel this path; rather, there are many who travel the tangled, winding paths . And on these paths, hundreds of caravans will never tire of competing with one another. Whereas the straight path, the path of light, is the path to happiness and true victory. It is the path that eyes turned towards the heart find at first glance. The heart that commands the journey along this path and the heart that attains its goal at the end of the path are one and the same. This path, which unites the command at the beginning with the goal at the end and binds them to the same heart, is the path to true happiness. This path, which passes with delight far from the realm of worldly power, unites friend and foe within the friend's heart. It melts oppression within the oppressor's heart. Let those who seek true and eternal happiness follow the path that is not bent by the tricks of calculation or the traps of cunning, but rather leads to the sun of truth in the straight, radiant light of the heart. If we wish to convey the prayers of His servants to the Truth, let us make known to His servants the will of the Truth. Let us be strong and courageous enough not to close our eyes whilst the sun of truth shines before us.

VICTORY

G VOLUNTEERS: At the festival where heart-warming laughter soars to the heavens and bells ring out, lifting the veil of hope and drawing down the curtain , are you seeking victory

Gathering applause from the crowd, and keeping time to the clang of swords, burying a multitude of people in mourning , has the history of those days left a joyful echo in our present, as it were? Ram-

Has history left a joyful echo for us today, as it were? Ram-Ses, Sardanapalus and Darius were heroes of victory. Was Alexander the Great victorious too, then? Caesar and Napoleon were also commanders who had tasted victory. What remains of their victories? The earth brings forth a single ear of corn from a seed sown in it. I wonder what seed they sowed in the heart of humanity? Seeds of rage and hatred, feelings of enmity and revenge, . Water gives life to the sapling. A traitor, a jaw, exploits it, . Which one, do you say is the victor, ?

Having sharp teeth and a tearing claw does not lead to true victory.

He who knows that water, seeping into the earth , , penetrates the depths of existence , and becomes water, shall attain victory. It was only after Sultan Mehmed II had become the conqueror of hearts in this very town that he attained true victory—

.

The path to victory lies in hearts—hearts that lead to eternity. A single heart can conquer the heart of a nation that thousands of swords could never subdue. True victory belongs to it. Socrates in prison and Hallaj on the gallows emerged victorious . Their martyrdom bears eternal fruit

, the tree that has brought forth this fruit . Mevlana and Akif have left us

have left us swords that will spur our hearts on, racing from victory to victory. The breaths that whispered the secrets of remaining eternal in existence and never truly dying were their final breaths. We

We shall emerge victorious by fighting with the swords entrusted to us. We have taken refuge in the wings of hope. Our faith is our strength. Even if our enemies do not fear us, they will fear our hope and faith—which rise upon the world like the sun—and they will surrender. We shall be victorious on the day when our hope like the sun warms and melts them too. For true victory is not one in which one side triumphs whilst the other is plunged into disaster. True victory is one in which both sides are victorious together. What is defeated are merely the ambitions of vengeance fuelled by malice and hatred. If you can forgive even your enemies, you will be victorious . Only then will the gates of your Lord's mercy open to you. If you have love for the Divine Messenger, seek a mission for yourself. Do not stand with your hands tied before the wrath of the congregation. Come, let us cast our grudges far aside. Let us enter the bond of love with the seeds of faith. Let us prune the thorns and ceaselessly mix the water of hope into the sacred soil. Let us walk in such a way that our feet leave no traces of selfhood upon the ground, and may the life-giving wind inspire our prayers. May the blows that ruthlessly chop down the sturdy saplings, whose branches and roots have spread into this air, not kill you. This soil has remained since time immemorial. Upon it, countless lives and saplings have sprouted to this day. New saplings and unexpected lives will also come to life. The voices bringing the unfading hopes of the morning were drifting from the minaret: 'When did you forget that the Owner and Creator of every being on earth and within you—both your hopes and your despair—is One? Why did you turn away from Me and take refuge in yourselves?'

We seek true and eternal victories—those that neither kill nor die, and that breed no hatred, not even in the tiniest speck. Let the dwarves pass through the triumphal arches, and let the herds of deaf hearts drown in a deluge of applause. Let swords clang on the battlefields, and let people give vent to the sick lusts hidden beneath their filthy skins. You, seated upon the throne of love, even within the confines of a tiny cell, should envy the victors.

Whilst the world of spirits is filled with the joys of victory, what are you seeking in mortal bodies? Even bodies, which are the very embodiment of true victory, offer us

are those who bring greetings and glad tidings from the world of the spirit. The Mesnevi and the Süleymaniye are each a monument to victory. Is not the caftan draped over Yavuz Selim's coffin—stained with mud spattered from the hoof of the scholar's horse—also a banner of victory? Q should be a place of pilgrimage for the youth. There, the epics of the past are recited. It is the hearts that have earned the right to victory, capable of deciphering the myriad meanings in the universe. You stand before the book, yet cannot read it. The path lies open before you, yet you cannot walk it. If you are a seeker, both the book and the path will lead you to your goal. But never lose hope, for if hope and faith abandon you, you will be left in despair. If you have not encountered in this desert the one who said to the great fortunate one on Mount Hira, 'Recite the name of your Lord!', then woe betide you. You know that both the eye and the heart are staircases. The place you are to climb is both far from you and within you. To reach it, merely enduring hardship and shedding tears is not enough. Wait for the great gate to open of its own accord. But do not, for heaven's sake, be patient like a corpse laid upon the earth; be patient like water seeping into the earth. That water will cause living bodies to spring forth even from the dead beneath the earth. And whilst you wait, it is essential that you do not sleep—not even for a moment.

The impatient and weary fall asleep. Be patient in such a way that you may become like the earth, from which life springs forth even from the dead who seek refuge in it. Is it possible to destroy the earth's victories, or to turn the earth into death? It will always be victorious. The seed, through patience, bore an ear of corn. The sun is the path of light. Let us wait, scattering the seed of hope in this light that is the entire universe; victory is surely ours.

SUFFERING is the perpetual state of hopeless and consolationless torment. It is man's dying every day before he dies. Suffering is the intertwining of life and death: it is the dying of our existence at every moment and its being recreated anew at every moment; it is being born anew at every moment in order to die at every moment .

There are degrees of suffering. The suffering of the servant who was once rich but has become poor, or of the ruler cast out of his palace to beg, is perhaps at the very beginning of the spectrum of suffering. The suffering of the proud man who, having been honourable, has become humiliated, is even more agonising, more bitter than that. What, then, must be the suffering of the scholar left amongst the ignorant, or of the wise man who drifts amongst the heedless of this world? Indeed, this latter is the most sublime of all sufferings endured upon the earth. We have, for the most part, seen the vigilant travellers on the path of Allah within this company.

You do not see, and yet you see those who, though they have eyes, do not see. They have ears, yet they do not hear. They do not taste true delights
—nor do they perceive the beautiful scents. They are destined to die, yet they seek to kill. They themselves are captives in the hands of a power called destiny, yet they seek solace in keeping their fellow human beings captive. Is there any trial greater for humankind than to remain awake right in the midst of this scene of heedlessness? A trial is borne alone. If there is someone else by your side, suffering ceases to be suffering. Suffering is endured only when one is alone
—suffers his trial. A fellow servant is a poisonous companion on the path of suffering,
—it brings harm to him. Let me climb the mountains alone; let me bear my sorrow alone; let me weep for mankind alone. After all,

what the mountains cannot bear, man does. How wretched are those who cannot bear suffering.

If suffering were tears, we would shed them; if it were blood, we would let it flow. It is neither this nor that. Tears and blood lie on the path leading to the death of suffering. If suffering were torture, it would be possible to abandon it. Who has ever cast aside their past suffering, flung it into the void, and begged the world for laughter? Suffering sifts out everything that separates us from ourselves. It casts out the thousands of strangers mingled within our very being, leaving us to ourselves. He who endures suffering lives neither in material things, nor in the world, nor in circumstances arising from without. He lives as a lamp that burns ceaselessly, consuming itself.

Suffering leads the human being down into a mine shaft deep within, and what is seen there… Feelings, hidden from the light of reason and buried in this darkness, clinging to one another in tangled knots, ceaselessly dig and deepen this mine shaft called the soul. The whole ugly face of humanity lies here. Mirrors glimmer—mirrors in which they themselves do not see, yet within which the reflections of all true dreams and genuine faces are hidden—and they dazzle the sufferer's eyes. That is why he cannot look at us, nor does he wish to. You strike him—does he even feel it? You attack him with all your animal nature; do you think he feels no pity for you? Do you consider yourself victorious in the way you imagine? You have put a slave through torment and created a whole world from him; you have turned a rusty piece of iron into a sword. And the ascetic, so enraptured that he cannot even think of these things, has plunged into his own eternal realm. He was a blind lamp; now he has become a sun. The ascetic is grateful to everyone, a friend to every being. He who can bring his asceticism to its conclusion has attained his goal. The skill lies in knowing how to endure it and bringing it to its conclusion. Great ascetics are the great athletes of the spiritual world. Had Yıldırım endured his asceticism, he would have attained his goal. He did not realise that asceticism was a balm to crush and eradicate the pride within him.

Patience stands at the forefront of the wisdom that teaches one to endure suffering. Suffering is the companion of love. Like love, it too is nourished by the milk of patience. In the end, suffering comes to love itself. The place it ultimately finds—

is not cast into nothingness, but is hidden in a treasure in the deepest depths, and is always searching for itself. The sufferer is the friend of suffering. Do not approach him, do not attempt to console him; you would be closing the window that opens onto God's conversation. To lose everything is a beginning to truly gain everything. Let him lose everything—everything he has taken from you as a loan.

The hero of suffering begins in the world of emotions with joy, passes through pain, and finally settles at a lofty height from which he gazes upon both joy and sorrow without understanding either. The goal of suffering is to climb to this point.

O bewildered servants! Strike away, and amuse yourselves with laughter. Forge your hatred into a rusty dagger and plunge it left and right. Let out screams that drown out the voice of truth. This will do the ascetic no harm; it is you who will lose out. It is you who will lose all honour, all truth and all happiness. You are doing nothing but hastening the orphaned soul's reunion with my Lord. You have no pity even for yourselves. You do not realise that this is the greatest injustice you are inflicting upon your own selves.

TEARS

TEARS have washed away our sins. Tears have melted away the illusions spread before our eyes like the seven heavens. The truth behind the illusory objects has been revealed; with aged eyes, the Tablet of Preservation was read.

Do you know well the path taken to reach the Hereafter? This worldly life borne upon the body's back is a barren, dry, lifeless realm. Taking refuge in a parched shadow, life here is an era of emotional desolation. Will you cross this parched and sunless desert to taste the sweetness of tears on the other side? That is the herald of a new life. Let people, trapped within this narrow cage, speak at the drop of a hat, clash with one another, and topple each other; let them stone you too, or even hang you if they wish. Do not grieve over these things! Focus instead on fulfilling the purpose of your tears. Let the oppressors, unable to attain a life constantly renewed by the sweetness of tears, be consumed by the desire to drench the earth with the blood of the oppressed. You, however, must strive to extract the elixir of tears from this flowing blood for the sake of the oppressed who still live.

Tears are a complaint; but for the weak, the sick and the fearful; for those unaccustomed to pain. The complaint of mature hearts is patience, to fold one's hands, to remain impassive; what more could there be?

Tears are a prayer, true, but only for the hopeless. Those who wish to water the roots of a withered tree of hope shed blood-stained tears from their eyes. How fortunate are those who can weep at the threshold of a door where all hope has been cut off! 'Come!'—the voice that calls them from the

, even if they do not hear it , even , their hearts— —stirred by tears,

ocean within them, and they live in hope. They remain hopeful right up until death.

Tears are gratitude; hearts grateful for all that exists greet existence with them. Gratitude is to be filled with every being and to overflow from it once more. It is to die in all things and then to be reborn in all things; it is to encounter the Lord in all things. A tear is the infinity within us that unites us with all things. If a person, looking to their own hand and strength, were to realise that they are mortal and limited, and were to look upon their own tears, what realms would they see therein? Do you not see those in whom Allah is revealed within a tear?

Tears are an ocean; they save you from transience. Do you think dry eyes, which do not immerse themselves in the ocean of mercy, can see it? Tears are the ocean gushing forth from eyes touched by infinity. Can that realm be seen without tears? How can the ocean not overflow? Infinity takes refuge in that which has an end. A human who harbours an ocean within a single drop is doomed to be buried in the darkness of the mind unless they overflow and fill themselves time and again. A tear is a divine elixir that protects from death; drink it to your heart's content so that you may find life; indeed, drink it without measure, drink it without fear!

Tears are inspiration; a sign that comes from the truth, and also a blessing; a message from Allah. With them, you read what you cannot read. Is it a tree, a nightingale, or love that you see? No, they are the tears of your Lord. They appear to you thus only to test you. He who looks through tears sees his Lord manifest in all things. How very much were the things you used to see mere delusions and dreams! ... What is a dry eye if not blind? Whilst everything consists of the One Thing, he sees the One Thing as if it were everything. There is but One Thing, nothing else. A hundred thousand sorrows for those who come into this world and depart without seeing it! Woe to them, woe to those dead souls. They saw images in the sea but did not understand the sea itself. Tears are the true guide that inspires the heart. Tears teach the language that speaks to the One Whole. Hearts that do not befriend the trees or speak to the birds, that do not sigh with the wind or form a brotherhood of patience and love with the earth, are hard hearts that have not been watered by tears.

Tears are the language of the Lord. As for tears that cannot be shed, they are the divine seeds of the field of trial. The journey to God begins at a crossroads where the tears of suffering run dry. Let not those who do not endure their suffering to the very end set out on this journey. The path traversed at this crossroads of suffering, where even tears are left behind, is arduous, thorny and bloody. Yet it is those intoxicated by tears who set out on this journey. Trial is the beloved pain that bends the neck where all illusions of salvation and victory have withered away, and which one will one day surely desire—desiring it because God wills it. Trial is

is God's morsel; if you are not ready, you cannot digest it.

If you begin it unprepared and the morsel of suffering is placed in your hand by the hand of fate

and then become accustomed to it, suffering will cut through you like a sword; in the end, it becomes an insatiable torment. Let those who wish to join the ranks of the sultans of love on the great day to come make suffering their companion from this very moment.

THE GATE OF MERCY

'We are in need of a will that possesses infinite mercy. A will of mercy as vast as the ocean must fill us all. In every state We have become a community steeped in oppression. Every *word we utter* constitutes a separate act of oppression : oppression of the self, oppression of friends, oppression of the Truth, oppression of life. Are we seeking peace in a palace surrounded on all sides by oppression? We even take pleasure in oppressing the little ones who plead for mercy from us as they open their eyes to life—these lambs of Allah Where are they going? To what kind of future? Under which blissful skies will they find refuge? The tears that glisten like pearls in their eyes today will become the darkness in their hearts tomorrow—despair, lovelessness and faithlessness. What if they, too, become as merciless as us! They are already weeping for this very thing. Is our darkened life-lamp, our artistic nightmare that has buried true love, our so-called religious universe where hope and faith have withered, to be their world as well? Is it not always fear, always darkness, and always the traces of oppression in this merciless quagmire that we leave behind for today's children, *who ask of* us hope, love and eternal life? We, the bewildered travellers of today's life, who fail to grasp the meaning of these little ones' cries of 'Have mercy on us!', must not allow our graves to be trampled underfoot with a curse. If we cannot raise mercy above all loves, there will be no one to have pity on our souls.

The worlds were created through mercy. Let those who love to take refuge in the Lord's mercy turn their fists inwards towards their own hearts. On the day when the mercy rising from our battered hearts, unable to be contained beneath the dome of the heavens, ascends to the Throne—on that day, we shall be entitled to the Lord's mercy

. For mercy to envelop the world and wash away the hatred and oppression that surround it, we must all kneel, turn towards the Throne, and implore the Merciful Allah for mercy with our tears. Only then will we wipe away one another's tears and those of our unfortunate children.

Let us force open the gate of mercy, for the eyes of our hearts are sealed with a thousand seals. The gate of mercy cannot be opened by hand; it is forced open by the heart. If you try to open that gate without ever softening your heart, you will labour in vain. Let your heart be broken a thousand times. Let yourself fall and tumble from the Mi'raj a thousand times. Yet you must continue to force that gate without growing weary. For the gate of mercy cannot be forced open with mortal existence or mortal strength. Free yourself from transience just once; then strive to open the Gate of Mercy. Just look at the misery of those who, having risen barely five spans, fall and lie sprawled on the ground. Some cannot climb higher due to the weight of their senses. Others search for an idol to worship in the sea of denial. Some are anarchists, others communists. Not one of them has tasted the flavour of eternity even in a single dry morsel.

Mercy is such a vast ocean that it requires but a single drop from us to be filled. If you cannot offer it a single drop of water from yourself, you shall remain deprived of it for all eternity. It is filled with a single drop; it is filled with drops, one by one. Though your Lord is in eternity, the desire lies within you. With a single desire, eternity becomes yours. Where you can desire as He desires, He is at your side—indeed, within you. But do you know what that means? Do you think your heart belongs to you? Do you think you are truly yourself? What will you do on the day when this blood no longer gives you strength? You are but a single drop in the ocean. If you seek salvation, take refuge in the ocean; surrender to the whole. Do not savour your own taste. Do not gnaw away at your own existence. What is this 'pleasure' you speak of, if not a fleeting strand of seaweed passing over you in an instant? Try to taste the flavour of the ocean. The drop, the moment it tastes the ocean's flavour, has become one with the ocean; it has become the ocean itself. Those who flee the sea of mercy to seek salvation on the seaweed-strewn shore are like vagabonds who take pleasure merely in peering through the door of a tavern. They are also like the prison guard who cannot tear himself away from the prison gate and suffers more torment than those inside.

Are you seeking mercy from those who do not take refuge in the Lord's mercy? Look at the plight of these people who, having never seen the sun of mercy, do not know what mercy is. They attack the righteous and the beloved, and do not even know how to feel pity for their own child who has lost control. They do not realise that there is but one path to salvation, and it is always the same path: not the path that leads to ever-new means and new discoveries, but the path that leads to the gate of the Lord's mercy—walking tirelessly, without succumbing to despair, without our knees giving way, and without being swayed by the evil of the wicked. With all our strength, we must always press forward. The end of this journey into eternity is the gate of absolute mercy.

THE PATH OF SUFFERING TO ALLAH

Do not say, 'I am weary of enduring suffering.' Know that those who do not love suffering are wretched. What wine is as sweet as hopeless longing? What union holds the allure of endless suffering? The worship you perform five times a day, and ten times a day you turn your head dizzying globe from every side , do you suppose you have found yourself? Do those who lose themselves and then, like gathering roses from a thornbush, do not seek themselves in the garden of sorrows, think they are not oblivious, that they remain alert? Yet they are the truly oblivious ones. 'May our days pass pleasantly,' you say. Do you not know that day springs from night, and good from evil? Do you not see that the living spring from the dead? Then die often—but by waging jihad with your will—die often so that you may rise again often. And is dying by the enemy's sword really such a thing? If you wish to taste the full sweetness of death, you must be killed every day by a friend's hand. Why does the scent of blood linger in the rose gardens? Why does the morning breeze weep so sorrowfully? Indeed, the owl has scattered the nightingales' nests. Will you call this oppression too? No, no, do not be bewildered! Read well the wisdom of the Great Order! Look: what has the Illiterate One read? Listen to what he has read. What you see is not meant to astonish you, nor to lead you astray. It is meant to awaken you through suffering. Those in a very deep sleep do not awaken . If there were no suffering, whilst living as one, carefree and aimless, who would reach out to the Whole and wish to become the Whole? Whilst the heedlessness of living as a single, isolated being—unaware of the Whole—persists, who would wish to bear the burden of existence as the Whole? Even as pain and suffering come towards you like a storm, like an apocalyptic earthquake, do not be alarmed.

Bewilderment shields you from yourself. Be patient, so that great wisdom may be realised. Whilst the enemy deafens your ears with victory hymns, let your friends wound your heart. Let your child rebel against you as the scaffold upon which you will soon be paraded before the public is revealed to you. Let your heart, like your body, be torn to shreds. Is all this bliss not enough for you?

Do you know of any other person on this earth who is as self-possessed as you are at this very moment? You must realise that, in your present state, you are the being closest to the Truth. Is the place where you live not a treacherous resting place? What does a resting place or a stop mean to you? You will part from it all too soon. Does a traveller sleep at the station? Even whilst sleeping, you must remain awake. Take care that your body serves as a guardian for your soul. There must always be a messenger from the Divine by your side. Pleasure is a messenger from the body, pain from the soul. Know that it will not be possible to descend into the sea of the soul until the well of the body is dug and the body is hewn away. If you seek to maintain your body's peace through your pleasures, you will block the path of your soul. Cast aside the fame, wealth and daily comfort that have been drawn around your body like layer upon layer of walls. You cannot conquer the citadel of the soul until those walls are torn down. Let everyone else do it, but do not; let the world rejoice, but do not; let the world smile, but weep!

Know well that a dead laugh is not truly a sign of happiness;
but a black smoke rising from the putrid darkness of a soulless corpse. What business do you have in the backstage areas where the crowd gathers? Learn to live alone so that you may become a friend to the Great Solitude. Fear neither the crowd's complaints, nor its arrows, nor its hatred. Fear only that, if your lack of understanding persists, one day you will fear bearing the burden of existence. Then you will fear everything that exists. You will even fear fear itself. Those who know that suffering is the true guide and the greatest master are those who fear nothing—except God and losing their way. One rises above the people by loving the very things they fear. All those great souls who make the earth so sunny are those who do not fear suffering, torture
, suffering injustice, living and dying, loneliness
and becoming one with the Whole. The path that leads to God is the path of suffering.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF THE HEART

There is a voice of God hidden within us; we call it the heart. Its nature consists of , desire; , envy; , , flesh; , oppression; , and , strength; , , ke-

is quite another matter. The heart, which is entirely alien to them, is often love and admiration. Because it leads to pain at every step, ha-

becomes a friend to life . It tells us that all this pain is not enough, and that sorrow begets sorrow , that it is intoxicating , and that it is . Sometimes , it is , and that is compassion.

Is it not the heart that melts every time we recall how the mind has cast hatred into oblivion, banishing it to a dark corner to be forgotten? Is it not the heart that, through the sorrows of the past, becomes both sacred and merciful?

It is the heart that recognises the mind's external perception through an inner fusion, uniting the recogniser and the recognised in the same light. As Pascal so rightly said, the mind is often unaware of what we recognise with the heart. Whilst the mind is still at the very beginning, the heart has already completed its work. The mind waits for sensations to be received, evidence to be gathered, and conclusions to be drawn from premises. Let criticism be set in motion; let choices be made; let attention be focused on reality and necessity. The heart, however, has long since bridged this distance through an inner connection and a sign. Have not many said that this faculty—which leaves those who do not understand the heart in astonishment—is the wing of inspiration that carries one to infinity, ? It is the power of intuition, a divine grace within us. The heart is the inexhaustible source of friendship. The more it gives, the greater its passion to give; the more it loves, the greater its longing to love. The heart is eternal youth; it is fearless immortality. Because it was created without fear, it knows neither hatred nor jealousy. Living in eternity, it knows nothing of fleeting pleasures or overwhelming desires.

The source of the sacred lies in the heart, and reverence is felt only in a heart at peace. Repentance is to seek refuge in the heart by freeing oneself from the deviations of the mind. Worship is to turn towards one's own heart; it is the filling of the heart with the body and all its desires. Worship that is not performed with the heart—

Indeed, it is a futile weariness; perhaps a habit and blind obedience. The gateway to Allah is the gateway of the heart. Hearts are the place where Allah manifests Himself. The heart is the path to true faith. No sin is committed through the heart. The knowledge of religion is the knowledge of the heart. Bigotry is malice towards the heart; where it begins, religion ends. Who has understood anything from the Qur'an that is not read with the heart? Whoever does not find in the Qur'an the heart that fills eternity has not understood the Great Book at all. Those who do not seek Paradise in a pure heart, stripped of worldly desires, but instead prepare to purchase as a reward for certain physical acts, resemble deceitful merchants. They will never experience the joy of Paradise in their hearts

. Are there not men of skill and intellect who, like the bigots, spend their entire lives unaware of their hearts ? Behold

They are dead souls whose blood has frozen and whose bodies have stiffened.

The discoveries of the heart, unlike the inventions of the mind, are not four-sided and limited; it has infinite degrees. Would a scoundrel place the man of the heart side by side with the possessors of a stunted mind? Everything is open to doubt, but the heart is not. It is permissible to break everything, but to break the heart is a crime. The most beautiful of conquests is the conquest of hearts. Rousseau in nature his own heart . How blessed are those who make their heart the whole universe! The person who, until his last breath, can protect his heart from the evils of reason is the most precious

A person's true skill, is to be able to use their heart ; the heart's

It is knowing how to obey the commands of the heart. The world is full of devils who rebel against the commands of the heart. The signs of these devils seem to you to be wisdom. This, however, stems from your weakness. Is this thing called politics—the intelligence used against friendship , the that leads to the slaughter of hearts —anything other than that? What the cunning gain is a fleeting object; their loss, however, is the entire universe embraced by the heart. The gain obtained through heartlessness is the loss that cannot be compensated for. What does the cunning one know of what he has lost?

You may well be amazed at the wisdom behind the heart's unwavering dedication to serving humankind, despite all the hardships it has endured at their hands. Though it knows its own worthlessness—equal to nothing—amidst the misery of this crowd of people, do not mistake its bowed head and humbled state for a sign of weakness. It knows that modesty goes hand in hand with wisdom; and that service is the greatest commandment of the heart. What name can one give to the unfathomable self-sacrifice of the heart

·Will you? The weaknesses you project onto others, stemming from your own fears, are enough to bewilder you. What do you know of the joy of standing alongside the hungry and the destitute? If you understand the language of the heart, ask a heart that has attained its desire. I have spoken in vain for a whole lifetime to those who do not understand the language of the heart. If you see me overwhelmed amongst these people , it is because I have not heard the voice of the heart in them. Once knowledge became a thorn in the heart, it would have been better to be a rose that shuns the thorn. Woe betide those who cannot speak with the roses, the trees, the wolves, the birds and ! Let not those who do not understand the language of the winds, streams and mountains seek a fate far from . The heart's commands are one

Can it be taken from a bully, a rich man, greed, or envy do you think? His commands delicate a tree, sobbing a bird—

It is drawn from a weeping stream. Did not Moses receive his Lord's command from the tree that spoke as a light? If you listen, with the language of the heart, all creatures, trees and birds converse; the particles speak; the dawns and nights recount epics. The inability to understand the language of the sea and the mountains stems from the absence of the heart. Our world is the homeland of the heartless. Here, those who possess a heart live just as the soul ascends to the heavens when a beloved is lost—they live in the company of their friends. In my entire life, I have known but a few people who possessed a heart. They never reaped any harvest from our world, which is a field of bliss. They simply scattered their pure hearts across this earth as seeds. I am still waiting; not a single sprout has emerged from those seeds. One day, I arrived at the grave of one of them , and asked, 'What is my anger towards those who have no heart —

<lend?» I asked. << To protect your heart» replied-

<li. The great spirits who applied to our globe's foolish guardian to come to our wretched world did not not. However, the jealous guardian said to them as follows : << Our world , filled with fools and murals —

there is no room left for the heart.» Most of those who came into this world by chance had their heads cut off here. As the man was being hanged, he searched for a single heart in our world. Since he could not find one, he is not sad to be leaving this place. If there is anyone who dies without ever having their heart broken, pity them; it means *they* have never truly lived . Of all the things we carry within this deaf body—

the heaviest burden on our existence is the heart. It is the heart that accompanies a person until their last breath—

Is there anyone amongst us who harbours no resentment towards this red-hot piece of iron that inflicts such torment? Who has not wished to tear it from within themselves and cast it aside? Poor heart! Whilst sobbing in its own dungeon, it bears the torments of a body that lives in pure bliss . Even whilst fa-

, there is none who does not love him. Among these people , my heart,

Like a butterfly flitting through a dense forest, whichever way it flies, it crashes into the trees. How should one escape this confinement? As Schopenhauer said, perhaps our world is the worst of all possible worlds. A sphere that bears every weight cannot bear the heart. This world, a paradise for the heartless, will never be our homeland. It is not the enemy who turns the world into a prison for us, but our friends. How strange a quirk! As our friends' hearts grow tainted, ours are broken. It is futile to try to understand the heart through reason and wisdom. Those who draw closer to the Lord as their hearts are broken know the eternal destiny of the heart. They say look:

'Hearts were created to be broken .'

i LAHi NEŞVE

The philosopher Leibniz spoke the truth: << The fundamental building blocks of the universe are monads, which are always in a state of spiritual entities. The dead monads that remain from motion constitute matter.»

Thus, the essence of our universe consists of spirit. The foundation of all existence is spirit and motion. From the spirit, which knows no diversity, dead matter emerged when it lost its motion. The motion of the spirit, however, is to seek itself everywhere, to rush towards itself. Yet it requires a path and a foundation

. Matter has become the stage for motion; living beings are mere stepping stones. The spirit's first movement manifested itself in plants and in animals as a life

It came to pass; the soul appeared in its true form. It broke through its shell, and what had until then been concealed within in the body this time could no longer conceal itself

appeared in a new state of consciousness. Consciousness is now returning to its origin, Allah . Thus, just as our origin lies in the spiritual world, so too do our purpose and our ultimate destiny.

The emergence of the worlds in the form of bodies adorned with the essences of matter and life , their emergence, and their divine joy have always been the work of .

Divine ecstasy, just as it created the universe with spheres, creates new souls at every moment

It creates. It scatters joy and hope across the plains. It adorns the earth with saplings of wisdom. From the air, which is a friend to the earth, He brings forth sculptures and paintings. Although the creators of these works may be rulers and artists, they are merely instruments. The divine joy that traverses the earth at every moment, day and night, is never seen by the wretched whose hearts are closed off.

The worlds were born of divine joy. The essence of existence , the spirit , was ila-

bi neşve. Is the constant, ever-undulating radiance of birth that surrounds us at every moment, ilahi neşveden başka bir şey? İlahi neşveye rastla-

The unfortunate one, devoid of divine grace, believes that the true measure and balance in our world lie in matter; forms clothed in matter are the true rulers. Woe to the state of that ruler ! The grave-digger , the preparations , and the entertainment —all are but a game . Divine

whom they call with joy , are those who do not die . They have no fear of the grave-

. .

The universe is the source of divine joy . The human being known as this beautiful

:enigma, a gateway to divine joy, a manifestation of it. The seeing eyes perceive nothing on earth other than divine joy or anything else . In it

·.the heedless one who seeks pleasure in his body through measured and weighed goods, sa-

'What difference is there, really, between a worm clinging to the trunk of a tree that bears delicious fruit without seed? Are not the sounds that have echoed billions of times across our world—and of which no two are alike amongst humankind—the cries of divine joy emanating from within us? Now, if you do not understand the language of the Lord hidden within them, at least when you reach the grave, you will understand the language spoken by those wandering above your earthen bed! This language, that sound... Who said so? They are all the language of the Lord, the voice of the Owner. The Lord's joy is not exhausted by His creatures; it flows from the creatures , and carries them to . It enters the being and soothes it; it overflows from the being and warns it. It becomes reason and brings us back to ourselves ; it becomes love and carries us beyond ourselves. I make it say—

mek for I become ; from·me to pass through for the apocalypse is tearing me apart within my self. It fills me and empties me . Both suffering

and a remedy; both peace and a deluge. It is He who makes me everything and empties me into nothing; it is He who imprisons the essence—a single drop of Himself—in an illusion and suffocates me within it. There is no escape from Him; to reach Him

·to reach Him and find stillness is difficult.

Mankind's task upon the earth is to become a tree that bears divine joy. Such a tree that, apart from divine joy, possesses nothing of its own

It eats its own fruit; the more it eats, the more the fruit multiplies and spreads around. The greedy and the wicked the hopeless, those who do not give this fruit and

!>those who have not tasted it are wretched. They are barren and dead souls. And—

Because they cannot cure them, they seek to corrupt and destroy them. For doing so, they are applauded by ragged hands and carried on the shoulders of soulless skeletons. Had you not been the tree that bears divine joy, know for certain that you would have become one of these corpses. The plan of destiny is drawn thus: either you are a source of divine joy and sit at its table, or you will grow weary of carrying a corpse for your entire life amongst these skeletons still called 'human' and depart .

If you wish to taste the divine joy , then set aside my words.

Do not name things in vain; do not ascribe existence to entities. You are gazing at a picture, yourself and that picture you are within. The one who sees with the eye

Take a look! It is the divine joy springing from the earth, and it is that which rains down from the stars. Is it not the divine joy that brings forth the day from the night, and that which brings TUr face to face with his prophet ? The scents are a greeting to us from the divine joy

a greeting to us; colours and shapes are trusts, whilst sounds are a testimony. Like rain poured upon fertile soil, memories do-lan and dreams within me paradise sweet desires, why

Why shouldn't there be the caresses of divine joy? Doubt not that from your tongue an-

To the one who lies, a butterfly the fluttering of its wings , to the world is a gift of divine joy. Just as divine joy gushes forth from a child's smile, so too do the cries of the lover carry divine joy. I am thinking, no, I am turning at the command of a great thought; in this world together I am turning. In this world together I am being reborn. Joy has once again overflowed from me, overflowed from everything—

den. Worlds are being born. My head seems to be scattering the fruits of paradise across the universe, distributing the glad tidings of paradise. Everything speaks to me; everything moves me to tears of joy. I wish to climb Mount Tur with Kelim, or to ascend to the Mi'raj. The voice of divine ecstasy is heard in everything. Promises, promises are raining down upon me. Let the paths in the void open up. Farewell to those on earth!

Divine joy is the promise of the Mi'raj, the joy of union. It is in everything and in everyone—that is, it is within me, within me.

DROPS

,. LEM consists of the sum of three elements:

Existence, thought and movement.

A person who embodies all these qualities has been created to pursue three things:

Truth, goodness, and beauty.

Within the human soul, there are three faculties that lead to these three things :

Intellect, emotion, and will.

Intelligence, is used in three areas:

In winning, in trickery, and in science.

There are three and worlds of emotion :

Art, dreams and love.

Will is the strength that seeks refuge in these three realms :

To His Praise, to His own self-sufficiency and to Allah.

The heart, in which these three qualities reside together and in harmony , is the sanctuary of these three

:

Love, hope and faith.

A soul that does not love these three things is as dark as a dead room:

The child, his nature, the tyrant, the tribe, another, obedience.

'Have compassion on three kinds of people:

He who has fallen into poverty after wealth, he who has been reduced to humiliation after honour, and the scholar left amongst the ignorant."

There are three things from which we must flee everywhere :

Unjustified violence, satisfaction that leaves one hungry, and from threats not directed at us.

Fear these three people :

The merciless, the hypocrite, the transgressor.

Keep away from these three calamities :

Oppression, earthquakes, and the ignorant who claim to know .

Extend a helping hand to three people :

To the sick, the stranger, in the neighbourhood the misunderstood the wretched (That is why one lives alone amidst the crowd.).

Three kinds of behaviour are crude and insincere:

Art that draws attention to itself , , showy morality, and self-assured piety.

Three things are the secret to happiness:

Humility, contentment and the pleasure of frequent rest on the threshold of death.

The world becomes a paradise through these three things :

By giving from one's hand , tongue and heart , Allah His signs ta'n and forgiving them; by not oppressing the oppressor but showing them the path to guidance.

Three people have remained in darkness :

Those who rely more on their intellect than on love, who claim to have faith, yet do not savour the fruits of wisdom.

In the judgement of the three judges , no error is to be found:

Of the heart, of destiny, of death.

In three places , a person recognises themselves:

In repentance, under the oppression of the oppressor, in one's final breath.

The meaning of life is truly understood in these three places:

In the hope that unites us with love , in
worship performed with devotion and , the
place

: a journey that makes one forget one's homeland .

The taste of a tear is inexhaustible in three places: in union, in

forgiveness, in mercy.

In three places— , —people Allah are in conversation:

In the solitude of one wounded by the crowd, in the place where brings a smile to the face of a hopeless soul with hope , where the oppressor's oppression turns into gratitude the very

§at that very moment.

Those who, amidst , recognise themselves as these three are:

Those who do not even let the wind hurt them, who refrain from
mentioning their own names,

ashamed to utter their own xml-ph-0000@deepl.internal names xml-ph-0001@deepl.internal, those who cannot look upon people—who are Allah's trust—with stern eyes.

Three kinds of people are far from Allah :

Those who, by calculating their own comfort , shirk service (Those who are worthy of service)

(those who are not), those who claim to be sentimental yet keep their distance from the stages of SefaJet , and those who seek inspiration in wretched souls.

Three kinds of people have been promised that they will see Allah :

Those with pure hearts, those who find the sun in the darkness of the night , and those who

whilst having united all their movements .

One must know that three things must remain at the boundary of :

Desires, the mind, and life.

Upon parting from these three things, one must hasten to move on to the other three:

From people to worship, from movement to tranquillity, from the world to the Hereafter.

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